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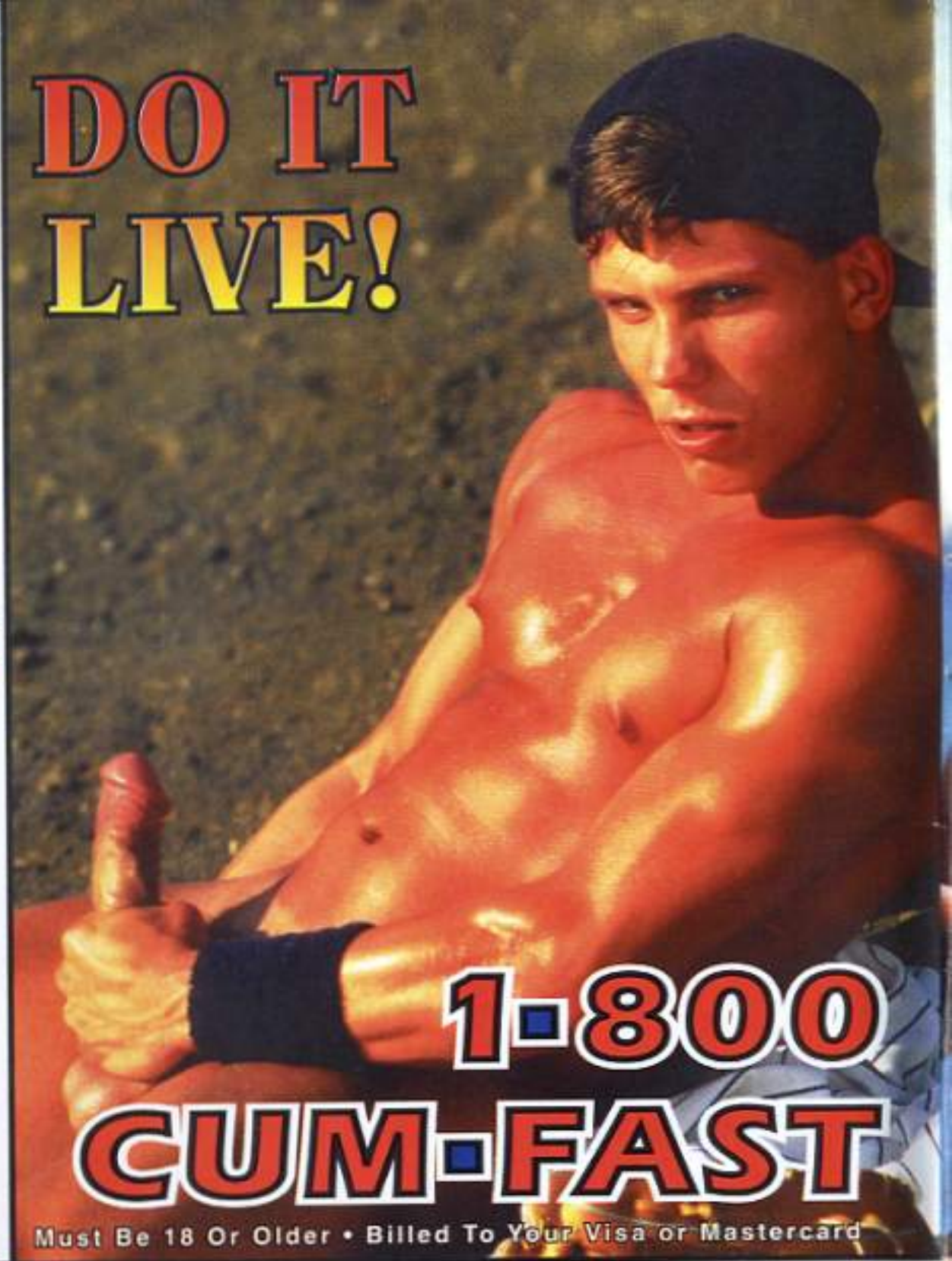

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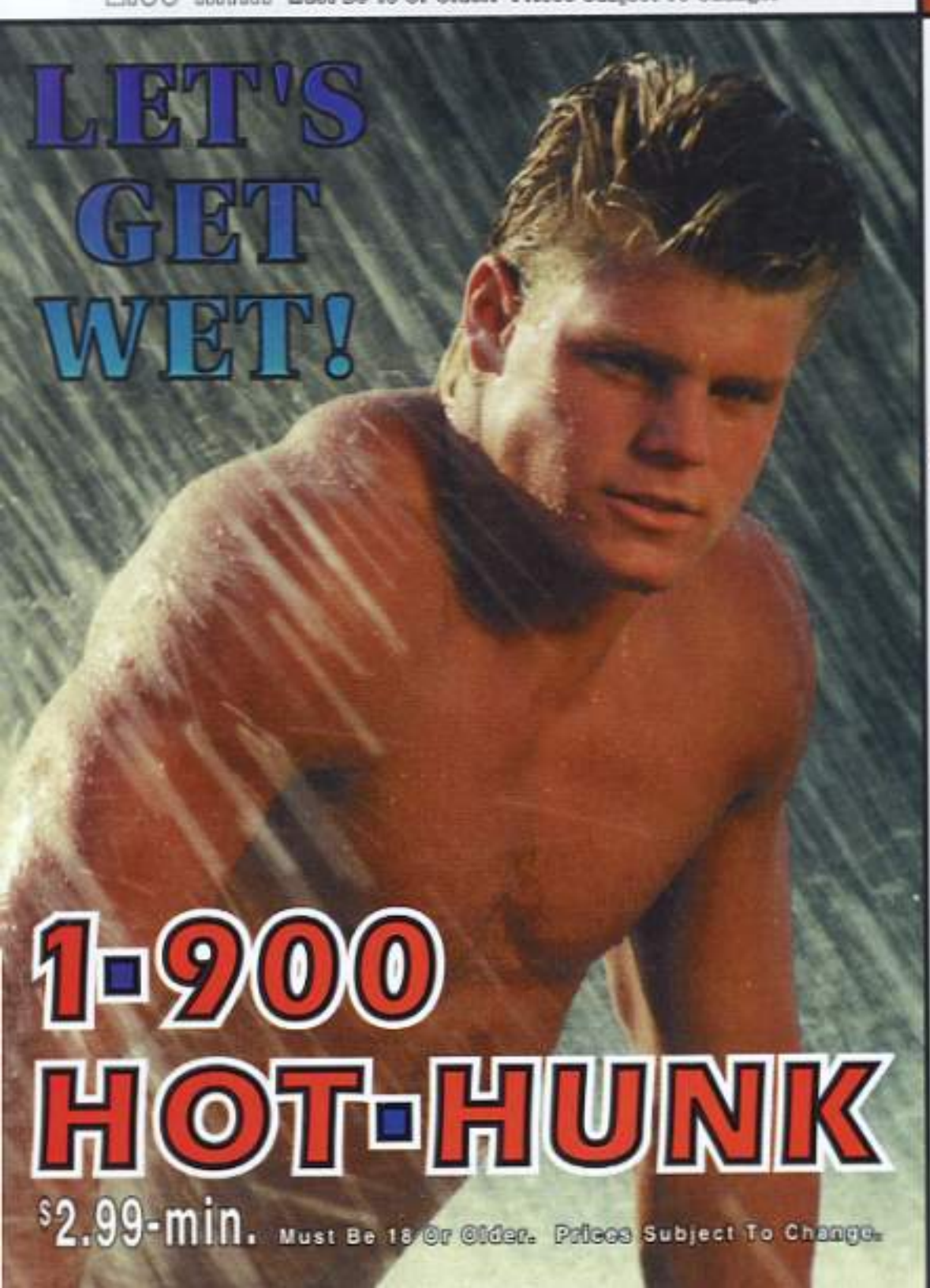

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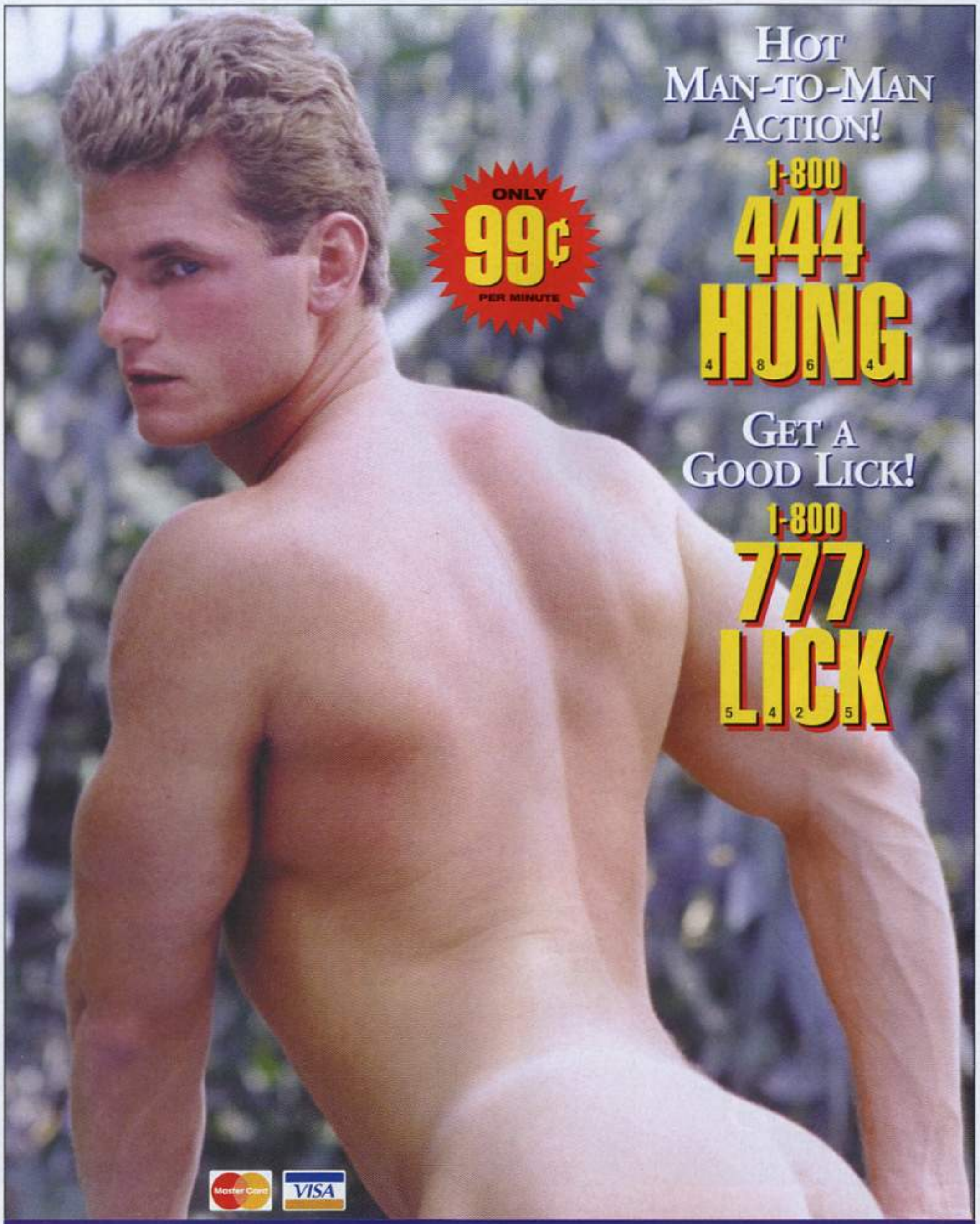
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freshmen

june '95

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FROM THE DIRECTOR/PRODUCER OF ACCIDENTAL LOVERS,
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Bel Ami
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PRESENTS

LUKAS' STORY 2

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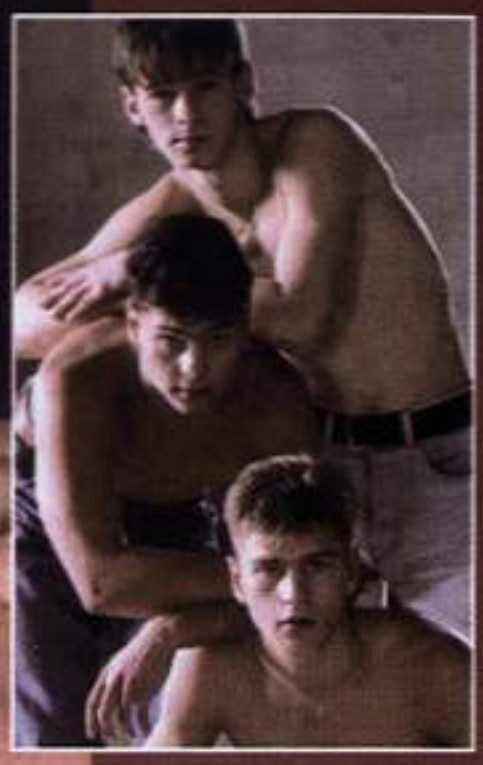

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Stan Paget
March 1995
BEL AMI

12 BEAUTIFUL COVERS 12

I have very recently subscribed to your magazine. *FRESHMEN* is the very first magazine of its kind I have ever subscribed to, though in the past I've purchased a copy now and then. What convinced me to subscribe is your recent heavy use of Bel Ami models. They are some startlingly striking young men, and they truly enhance your magazine covers, making them stand out from all the other skin mags on the shelf. Especially good examples are the Lucas Ridgeston covers and my most recent favorite, Stan Paget [March 1995]. I hope I have a year of beautiful Bel Ami covers and young men to look forward to. Thank you.

R.J.
Indianapolis, Ind.

[*Thanks. And now, for all the rest of you Lucas freaks out there, here's something we hope you'll* really *like.*–Ed.]

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S LOVE NEST

I just wanted to get the word to my silly sisters that they should quit swooning over Lucas Ridgeston. You see, he and I have fallen in love, and he will be moving to live with me here in rural Iowa. I've built a cozy little love nest with a white picket fence and sweetheart roses growing over a heart-shaped trellis. We will not be receiving company for some time.

L.P.
Des Moines, Iowa

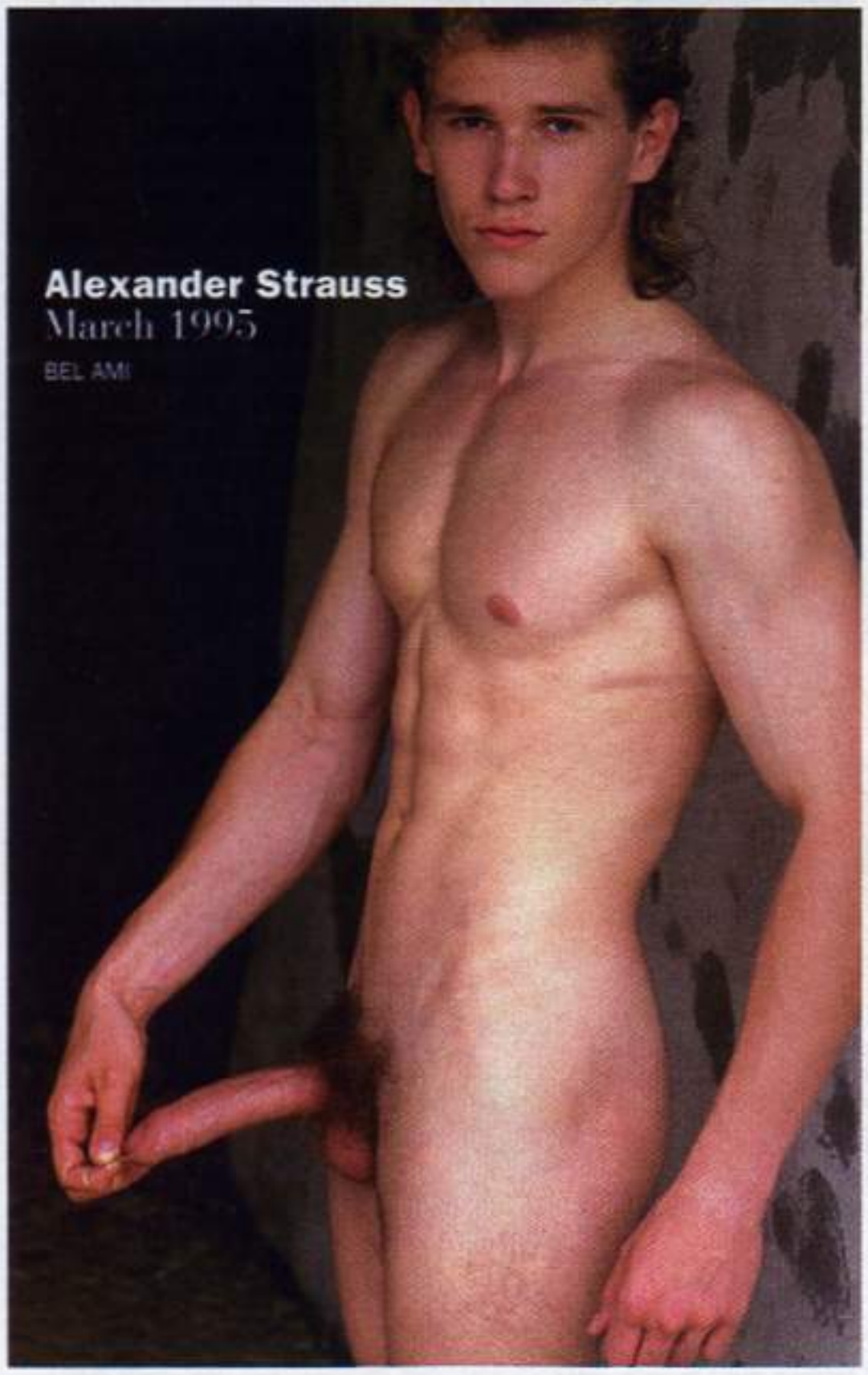
[*Uh-huh. Well, that's nothing. Sean Connery just walked in here, and guess what–he isn't really in his 60s, that's all been makeup. He's really only 32 and looks just like he did in* Dr. No, *and he said he's always worshiped me from afar. He wants to marry me and have me star with him in the next James Bond movie.*–Ed.]

CALLING LITTLE BOPEEP

The day I got the March 1995 issue in the mail, I was thunderstruck. On the cover was Stan Paget. His boyish face with those kissable lips and those puppy-dog eyes sure made this faggot happy. If homosexuality were a sin, this boy would be worth damnation!

A picture is worth a thousand words, but the photo of Stan on pages 48 and 49 spoke only two: "Fuck me!" Photographer Bel Ami has created a fantasy of a virginal slut. Stan, as depicted in the pages of *FRESHMEN*, could give a woody to a gelding, turn straight men queer, and make me, an eternal bottom, want to fuck his sweet ass hard enough to grow hair on my chest–and his. Stan has made it clear that a lamb can be gentle without being sheepish about his carnal desires.

G.C.
Morgantown, W.Va.



SAVED BY THE BEL AMI

Allow me to express my awe at the beautiful March centerfold model, Alexander Strauss. This was my first issue of *FRESHMEN*, and after beholding his youthful yet manly stature, I am now undoubtedly a reader for life. The skilled photography of Bel Ami did justice to this truly fine example of manhood. I think now I understand what Ecclesiastes means where it says, "Rejoice in thy youth, O young man"!

Alexander encompasses so many aspects of what we seek in our lovers and life mates. Aside from the fact that he is incredibly sexy, his deep eyes reveal a tender warmth and sensitivity that set him apart from just another "hot stud." To me this makes Alexander all the more adorable and lovable. What I wouldn't give to look into those eyes while bringing him pleasure with...well, you get the idea!

B.C.
Fort Worth, Tex.

[*C'mon–no fair! What idea is that?*–Ed.]

Letters

LOVE IS ALL AROUND

Your March 1995 issue was one of the best yet. I was especially turned-on by Stan Paget. I would have to agree with the photographer: He does look great naked.

I also liked the photographs of Alexander Strauss and Dane Thomas. Could you please tell me whether Alexander was or is on a track-and-field team? He looks like he must have done some type of training to have such a great body. Each night when I go to bed, I envision him next to me, and I am running my fingers over the contours of his smooth, muscular body and through his curly hair.

Please tell Dane Thomas that he has a great-looking butt—and could he tell me the secret of that awesome tan and well-built body?

D.N.
Baltimore, Md.

[*Call me stuck-up, but I just don't slither up to stunning young hunks and tell them they have great-looking butts, especially when I'm just passing on the message. I mean, hey—what's in it for me?*–Ed.]

CARDIAC CARE

What in the hell is the matter with you people? You need to bear in mind that some of your readers are middle-aged and older! Whatever possessed you to publish the photos of Dane Thomas in the March issue? Son of a bitch! Don't you realize what someone like him can do to the heart rate of your elder readers out here?

That body...that cock...that smile and attitude...that butt! It's been quite some time since I ruined a magazine's pages by spattering them with you-know-what and drool.

I know it's early in the year, but Dane gets my vote for Freshman of the Year. In fact, the whole March issue was great! Alexander Strauss and Stan Paget got my juices flowing too. What a party I could have with Dane, Stan, and Alexander!

M.M.
Bonners Ferry, Ida.

[*And I have it on the highest authority that Dane, Stan, and Alexander are really, really,* really *into drool.*–Ed.]

DANE, THE GREAT MARMADUKE

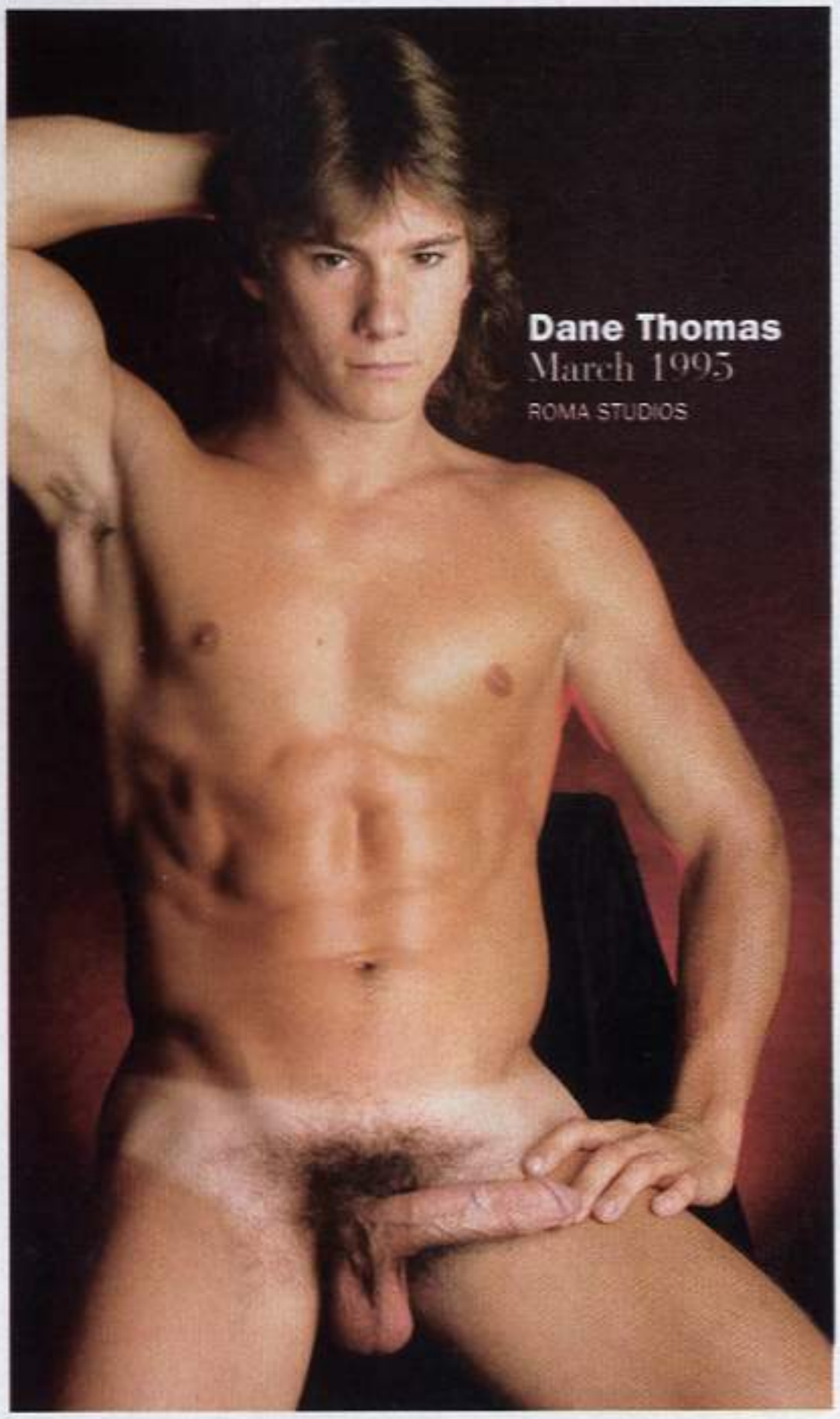
You guys have outdone yourselves with the March issue. When I saw the layout on Dane Thomas, I fell in love with a guy for the first time in my life! Dane is a work of art—so close to perfection, it's scary! His body is beautifully proportioned, and he has the dreamiest eyes I've ever seen—not to mention that sexy smile. I'll have sweet, wet dreams for a very long time.

Also, thanks for not showing any close-up shots of assholes.

L.T.
Daytona Beach, Fla.

[*Excuse me? Hello? I'm not a well woman, you know.*–Ed.]

We welcome letters from readers. We will gladly forward letters to our models; however, we cannot give out models' addresses or phone numbers. Write to* FRESHMEN, *P.O. Box 4371, Los Angeles, CA 90078-4371.



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Mo

“A lot of gay men have sex with older women for money, but that doesn’t make them straight. It makes them money.”

christian Murphy

At the young but not-so-tender age of 27, Christian Murphy already has several films under his belt—not only as a porn star but also as a blue-movie director. This blond, blue-eyed six-footer has something else under his belt besides starring in and directing videos, and that something else is a big Irish cock. Check it out—this is one Blarney stone you'd be a fool not to kiss. Christian recently took time out from his hectic schedule to swing by my West Hollywood apartment for an in-depth interview. The strapping young leprechaun (giant version) and I had a great chat, covering such topics as his Texas childhood, being gay, having sex with Sharon Kane (the gay-porn industry's seemingly obligatory rite of passage), having sex in an alley while rats watched (!), his career plans, and his new adult-entertainment venture, Lone Star Video.

by Jamoo

FALCON STUDIOS

Jamoo: Where are you from, Christian?
Christian: Mission, Tex. It's near nothing, about five hours south of Austin.
Jamoo: When did you come to Los Angeles?
Christian: When I was 17 I basically just packed up and left and never went back.
Jamoo: And haven't been back since?
Christian: I lived in Dallas for a couple of years, but that was because I fell in love.
Jamoo: So you came to L.A. at 17 and started out doing what?
Christian: Working at hotels. I started as a bellboy in Anaheim; then I moved up to L.A. and worked as a desk clerk and went back and forth with 40-hour-a-week jobs that paid next to nothing. I think until I started doing porn, the most I made was $8 an hour.
Jamoo: When did you start doing porn?
Christian: Three years ago. Someone came up to me when I was hustling at Numbers [a bar on the Sunset Strip]. At the time that was all I did, because with a normal job behind a desk I was making only $350 a week; $300 went for rent, the rest for food, and I still didn't have enough to pay my utilities. I decided one day walking to work in the rain with no money for a taxi or even a bus that I had to do something, because it was a long walk to Ma Maison in the rain. Hustling came really easy; I started making $5,000 a month doing it just out of Numbers. I was a new face, and they love new faces at Numbers.

So I started making movies for Planet

Group, and I got one of my sugar daddies to back me for $3,500. Then—typical of Planet Group—they started pulling back and cutting budgets; finally the amount of money they owed me was so bad that I decided to leave. I was poor for three months, and all I did was pay my rent and my electricity. I lost my car phone, beeper, cellular phone—everything but the house, my credit card, and the electricity. It was the suckiest, worst time of my life. I was so disgusted that I got deep into drugs, and that didn't help me get any jobs. So I knew these guys from Numbers—they were friends—and after the Gay Erotic Video Awards, I invited them to my party at Numbers. These men got so enraptured by the video awards and all the faces and stars running around, and the next day they paged me three times, so I went to Numbers, and we talked. Finally they said, "We want you to do three movies, and this is what we'll pay you." And it's worked out really well ever since.

Jamoo: That's how Lone Star Video was born. But what was the first movie you did as an actor?

Christian: That goes back to the three months when I didn't have a job. Because I had quit working for Planet, I had no income. After hustling and directing porn for so long, I couldn't do a 9-to-5 job, so I decided, *I'll just do scenes*. The first one I did in San Francisco was a 17-hour shoot. I was with this guy who had the biggest dick I've ever seen! He was a really nice guy. I think his last name was Bronson.

Jamoo: Were you top or bottom?

Christian: Top!

Jamoo: Have you ever bottomed?

Christian: I bottomed in this one movie because I couldn't get it up. I was nervous because I was with Randy Mixer. I felt intimidated—he was famous, and I was attracted to him.

Jamoo: What's your best scene?

Christian: The one with Randy Mixer. We fucked on top of a cop car. He sat on my dick, and then I fucked him against the hood and shoved a dildo up his butt.

Jamoo: Have you ever danced professionally?

Christian: [*Giggles*] No. I would be too self-conscious. I could never stand up there and jiggle around.

Jamoo: Which do you prefer, being an actor or a director?

Christian: A director. It's too hard to be a model, and I'm not much of an exhibitionist.

Jamoo: Do you write your scripts?

Christian: I write most of my own scripts, but my ex-boyfriend wrote the one for *High Energy*.

Jamoo: Do you let your models do what they want, or do you get in there and really direct them?

Christian: I try to give them as much direction as I can before the scene starts and then let them go at it. If you just let them go, they lose energy or interest. It's hard to find a happy medium between telling them every single thing to do and letting them go wild.

Jamoo: Do you do legit modeling?

Christian: I modeled for International Male. People back home still talk about it like it was the greatest thing in the world, but that was five years ago.

Jamoo: How is your relationship with your family?

Christian: Very good. I have a very close family.

Jamoo: Any brothers or sisters?

Christian: Three brothers, a sister, and my mom. My dad's dead.

Jamoo: What's your background?

Christian: There's not a drop of blood in me that isn't Irish.

Jamoo: Are you cut or uncut?

Christian: I'm cut because I'm Catholic.

Jamoo: Who is the hottest actor you've ever been with?

Christian: The most gorgeous man I've ever been in love with did a jerk-off scene for my company. I can't tell you his name—well, it's Christian—but I don't think he'll be doing porn anymore. The best-looking guy I had a scene with was Randy Mixer.

Jamoo: Are you're a shy person?

Christian: Yeah. Well, I'm shy, but I'm not. If I have a couple of drinks, I'll talk to the wall. I'm withdrawn, and some people think I'm stuck-up, but I'm afraid of being shot down. So I won't walk up and say, "Oh, hi!"

Jamoo: Are you gay? I mean, you're not one of these guys who says "Oh, I'm straight" but does gay movies?

Christian: I'm absolutely gay. I had sex with Sharon Kane though. Oops!

Jamoo: Every guy—every guy I interview who is gay—says either he has done Sharon or he would like to do Sharon.

Christian: We were both drunk and having a good time, but I consider myself gay. I don't think straight men who have gay sex for money are gay. I think they're just being paid to do something. There are a lot of gay men who have sex with older women for money, but that doesn't make them straight. It makes them money.

Jamoo: What kind of men do you like the most?

Christian: Big men. I mean, men who are bigger than me.

Jamoo: Have you ever had sex in a really wild place?

Christian: I was in an alley in Boston, and there were rats the size of dogs running around the alley while I was having sex with this guy. You could hear the rats squealing in the background, and it was really horrific. I was kind of tipsy and thought that a rat was going to jump on my back any minute.

Jamoo: Were you having, like, butt-fucking sex, or what?

Christian: No, just blowing and stuff.

Jamoo: What's your favorite sexual activity?

Christian: I'm so boring in bed. All I

Videography

Bull Pen
Mustang Studios

Conflict of Interest
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Deep End
Mustang Studios

Forum Video Magazine #3: The Making of a Gay Video
Forum Studios

Hidden Agenda
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No Reservations
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Directed by Christian Murphy for Lone Star Video:

High Energy

The Insiders

Down in the Dirt

Erotic Confessions

Coverboys

like is straight sex, fucking and sucking. I like big nipples. My ex had big nipples, and I loved to suck them. He said I only wanted him for his nipples, and he was probably right. I don't get into anything wild.

Jamoo: What do you consider wild?

Christian: Dildos. I never use dildos. Also, I never hit or let anyone hit me. I've never been handcuffed. Why should I explore new territories when what I've got is good enough for me?

Jamoo: Are you in any of the new movies for Lone Star?

Christian: No. I was going to be in one because I was attracted to the guy we were hiring, but I decided later I didn't want to do it.

Jamoo: Where do you want to go with this company?

Christian: I just want to be respected. I don't care if I'm famous. I've always been boyish and blond, and I don't think blonds are taken seriously, but when I realized that five movies nominated at the Gay Erotic Video Awards were movies I'd done, I knew I was good and had what it takes. I have good ideas and can execute them well.

Jamoo: How do you find models?

Christian: By placing ads in *Frontiers*. I'm desperately looking for models! I also like using familiar faces like Danny Sommers. As far as I'm concerned, Danny Sommers is the most professional model I've ever been lucky enough to work with. He sits right down and doesn't ask any questions. He waits quietly and does what you ask of him—he is incredible. The worst one is Christian Fox; he's such a pain in the ass. He's like a little kid. He reminds me of me when I was his age. He's always seeing what he can get away with. I was like that at that age. He's cute, and he'll learn.

Jamoo: So, speaking of hot men, what is your favorite fantasy?

Christian: Watching my boyfriend get fucked by other guys. I'd get up underneath and watch the dick going in and out. It was like fucking him, but you didn't have to actually fuck him and could watch. That was my biggest turn-on. I had 30 or 40 three-ways with him because his thing was to suck dick and get fucked at the same time.

Jamoo: So you would, like, plow his face while someone was fucking him?

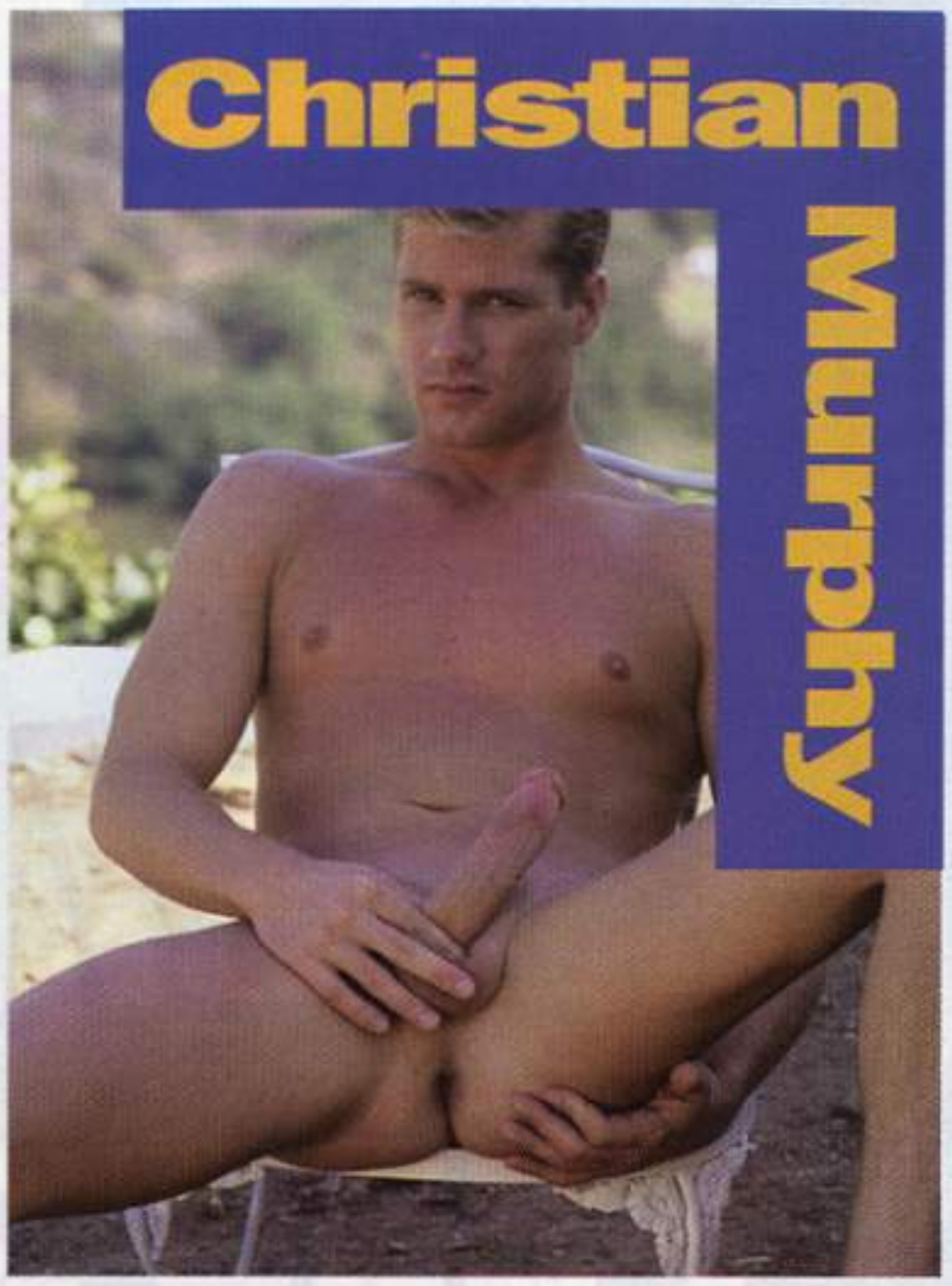
Christian: Yeah. And I've had weird fantasies about being raped. Once a married couple raped me.

Jamoo: A man and a woman?

Christian: Yeah.

Jamoo: How did they rape you?

Christian: I was visiting New York, getting ready to go to Italy, and I went to this bar in Poughkeepsie, where I met this man and woman who asked for a ride home. They invited me inside. The guy was really big, and he said, "I grew up in the Bronx, and I don't want to argue. I just want you to come in for a drink." I was scared, but I went in, and he locked the door. They had all these paddles and whips hanging on the wall, and I was so worried. They just started sucking my dick, and she wanted me to fuck him, but I couldn't. So finally I said, "I have money in the car; take it and hire somebody." I was crying and drinking a beer and smoking a cigarette, and they couldn't have been enjoying it. They let me go, and that was it.



Jamoo: Are you a size queen?

Christian: I love big dicks; everyone does, even if they don't admit it. There is something beautiful about a big, fat dick. I knew this one guy—the only thing I liked about him was his dick. It was perfectly proportioned, like a beer can. But a small dick to me isn't disappointing. I just concentrate on other areas, like maybe nipples or a hairy chest or a smooth chest or butt holes.

Jamoo: Are you into rimming?

Christian: I don't like to rim or get rimmed. It doesn't thrill me or make any sense. You sit there with your tongue up somebody's butt, and it doesn't get me off. Am I crude?

Jamoo: Not at all. You're a dick man.

Christian: Yeah, dick and butt.

Jamoo: That's about the best part.

Christian: I love gay men. Straight men do nothing for me, but a gay man who acts straight turns me on.

Jamoo: Do you get to take Polaroids of the nude models you see?

Christian: [*Giggles*] Yeah. Once I took pictures of this guy, and I asked him if he needed a magazine or a video to get hard. He said, "I'm really attracted to you," so we fooled around. I felt kind of guilty about it. Other than that I try to distance myself from the models and stay professional.

Jamoo: Tell me about the worst conflict you ever had with a model.

Christian: That was with Cort Stevens. He missed his scene and was a day late arriving in L.A. Then we had him set up in a hotel, and he wanted his phone turned on so he could make phone calls. He got very irate and hostile, so I sent him back to Denver. He cost me about $2,000 for nothing. He made me look bad in the eyes of my employers. Whenever a model takes it upon himself to change your schedule, it ends up costing you.

Jamoo: What was your worst scene?

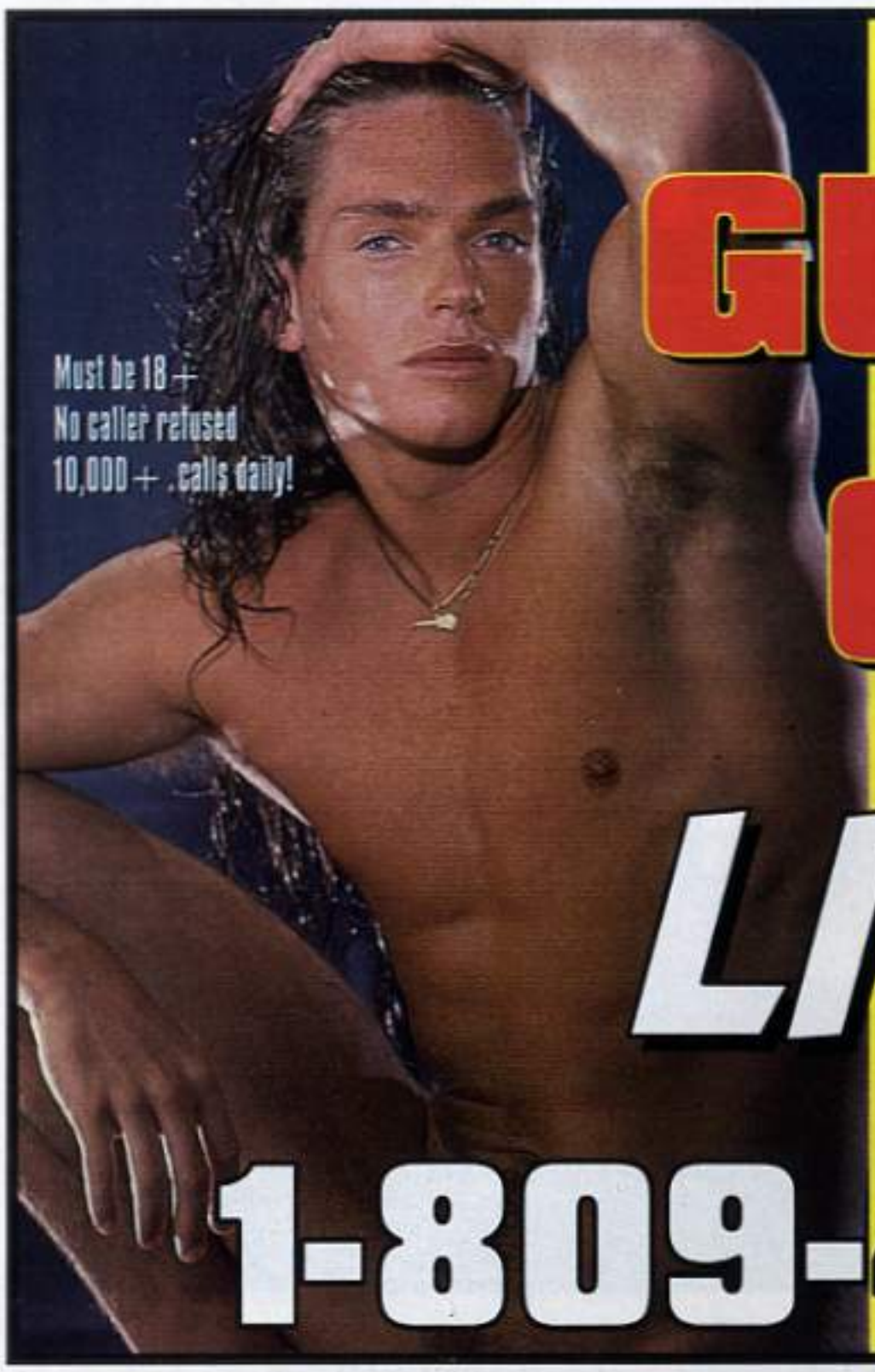
Christian: It was the second movie I did; I'd been in the tanning booth two days and was beet red. I had sex on a sundeck with two nelly bottoms, and I was so disgusted. They told me I was rotten and evil and bitchy, but I didn't want to have sex with someone shouting out "Girlfriend!" and "Sister!"

Jamoo: Do you prefer topping or bottoming?

Christian: I prefer to bottom, but it's such an ordeal cleaning yourself out and stuff. But if I'm really drunk, I like being a bottom.

Jamoo: Give Christian two drinks, and he's yours for the night.

Christian: You got it! ●



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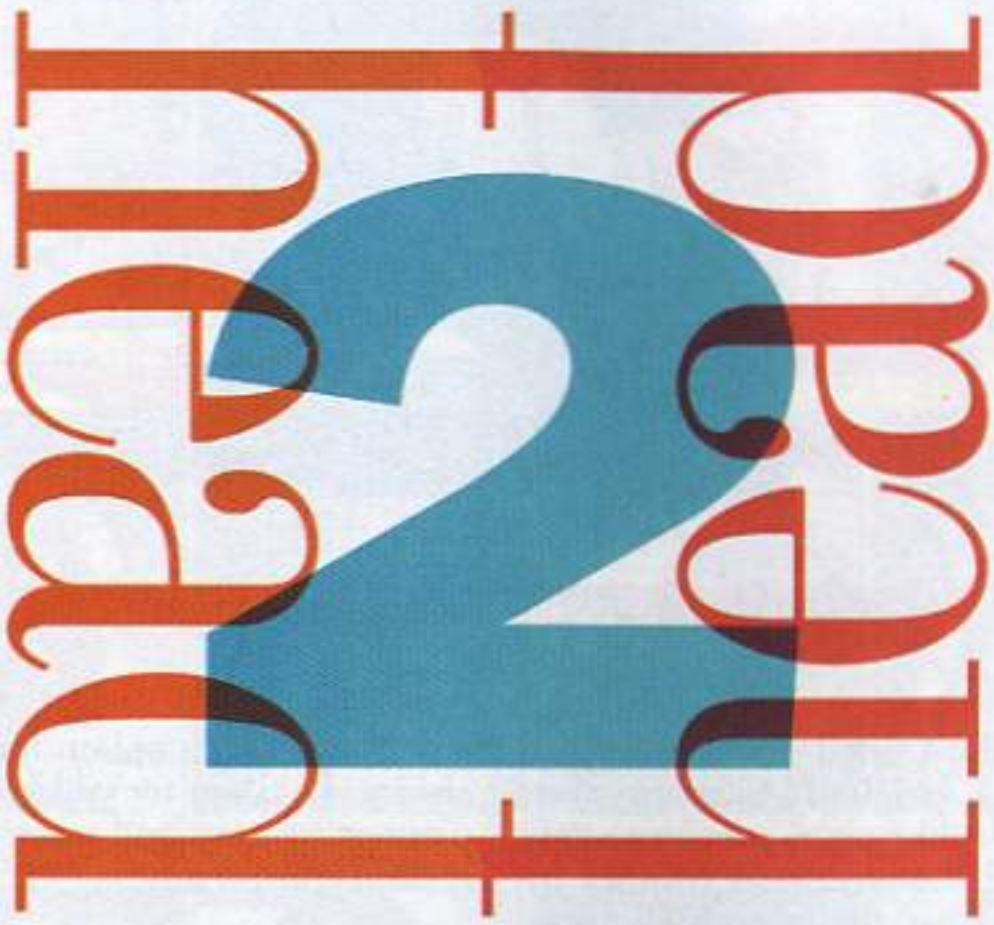
I want to have sex several times a week,

but my boyfriend is interested in doing it only once every few weeks. I chased after him for months, got turned down much more often than I got accepted, and finally began to feel pretty lousy about myself. So I stopped and waited for him to come to me, but he didn't. In fact, he didn't even seem to notice that sex had disappeared out of our lives altogether. Whenever I've brought the topic up for discussion, he's always grown angry, hostile, and sometimes downright nasty, so I've stopped doing that too. I truly love this man, and I'd like a little one-on-one physical intimacy with him. Do you have any suggestions?



If it helps any, take solace in the fact that you're not alone. Desire discrepancy is one of the most common complaints couples bring to therapists' offices. The person who wants more generally feels rejected and ashamed of his desires. The person who wants less generally feels pressured and guilty for his reluctance. Both generally feel angry and resentful. Talking about the problem can often help, especially with a counselor or other neutral third person who can keep the conversation on track, because at the very least some of the pressure that builds up between partners whose drives are at odds can be relieved.

Sometimes it turns out that one partner wants more or less sex than the other because of relationship issues that at first don't seem at all connected to sex. Sometimes one partner wants more or less sex than the other because of issues that don't even have to do with the relationship. But sometimes people just have different needs and desires. Then they need to become creative. Some couples settle on more nonsexual intimacy, both physical—such as hugging and cuddling—and emotional—such as frequent heart-to-heart talks. Others have more or less open relationships. Still others negotiate terms very specific to their situations.

In any case, you and your boyfriend really have to talk about what's going on, or you stand a very good chance of becoming ex-boyfriends. You both have to understand that neither of you is wrong or bad in this case. You may have issues to work out individually or as a couple, or you may just be different. Either way, you have to solve your mutual problem together if you're going to stay together.

Some friends of mine who live in California have been telling me lately about a new type of condom, which they say they like better than the ones they had been using. Do you know what kind of condom my friends are talking about?

The only really new condom on the market that I'm aware of is the Avanti, which has been sold west of the Rocky Mountains since late 1994 and is just now beginning to be sold in the eastern part of the country, which is where the postmark on your letter suggests you live.

Unlike "skins," which are made from sheep intestine, and latex condoms that have been in general use since the '30s, the Avanti is made of polyurethane. Since polyurethane is reportedly twice as strong as latex, Avanti condoms can be made much thinner than their latex counterparts. Partly for this reason and partly because polyurethane conducts heat better than latex, Avanti users report feeling more sensation with the new condom than with latex condoms. This has certainly been my personal experience. In addition, polyurethane condoms provide a safe alternative for the apparently growing number of people who have allergic reactions to latex, ranging from mild itching and rashes to the same sort of anaphylactic shock some people experience in response to bee stings, which can be fatal.

Tests to date indicate that the Avanti condoms are no more liable to slip or to tear, break, or otherwise be damaged in normal use than latex condoms and that polyurethane is fully as effective a barrier as latex to the viruses that cause most sexually transmitted diseases (STDs), including HIV. Moreover, polyurethane does not disintegrate when it comes into contact with oil. As a result, the Avanti condom, like the Reality, the so-called female condom released last year, can be used with water- or oil-based lubricants, a fact that pleases people who don't like having to "refresh" the moisture of some water-based lubes that dry out and become tacky during use; it also delights fisting enthusiasts who find water-based lubes inadequate for their needs.

The Avanti condom is relatively expensive as condoms go, priced from about $4 to $5 for a package of three—just about the cost of the classier brands of skins. But informa-

BY WILLIAM A. HENKIN, MFCC

tion about storing and protecting the condoms is printed right on the inside of every Avanti package, along with clear, detailed, accurate instructions for putting on, using, and removing condoms for maximum pleasure and safety. Even a cynical friend of mine who believes this extraordinarily intelligent packaging demonstrates nothing more than a wish for a large share of the condom market acknowledges that it is an important piece of safety education and has the potential to help many people who do or should use condoms to use them wisely and regularly.

I've heard that using condoms during intercourse isn't really as safe as the sex police would like me to believe. I've also heard that there are other, maybe better, ways to protect myself against STDs. Is there any truth to these rumors?

According to the Sex Information and Education Council of the United States, the most recent major research studies on condom efficiency were reported from Europe in 1993. Unlike many previous studies these were undertaken with heterosexual couples in which one partner was HIV-positive, the other HIV-negative. Both studies strongly supported the correct, consistent use of condoms as an effective method to prevent the spread of HIV.

In this context "correct" means using a new condom every time you have intercourse of any kind—oral, anal, or vaginal—and putting the condom on before the penis touches any part of the partner's mouth, anus, or vagina. "Consistent" here means that you follow strict procedure whenever you have oral, anal, or vaginal intercourse: Before putting on the condom, pinch and hold the tip to extrude air (otherwise the condom tip can balloon and break under pressure). Next, roll the condom down the shaft to the base of the erect penis. If the condom breaks at any time, remove and replace it at once. Immediately after ejaculation, while the penis is still hard, grasp the ridge of the condom at the base of the penis (to hold the condom in place) and remove the condom-sheathed penis without spilling any ejaculate.

In the first study, which ran from 1987 to 1991 and included 123 heterosexual couples who followed correct procedures consistently, no HIV-negative partners seroconverted. In a group of 122 couples using condoms inconsistently, 10% of the HIV-negative partners seroconverted.

The second study concerned 171 HIV-negative women whose male partners were HIV-positive. Three of the women (2%) whose partners consistently followed correct procedures seroconverted, compared with eight women out of 55 (15%) in a group whose HIV-positive male partners used condoms inconsistently.

You may have heard that condoms break. Some do—but if they're stored, handled, and used correctly, very few will. The production of latex has improved considerably over the past half-dozen years, and the emergence of polyurethane condoms is an even greater improvement. In any case, since 1988 the Food and Drug Administration has been randomly testing condoms and prohibits the sale of an entire lot if more than four in 1,000 are found to be defective.

The most common causes of condom breakage lie not in the condoms themselves but in the condom user who mishandles or misuses a perfectly good product. To be responsible with your condoms, you should know that latex deteriorates over time, so condoms should never be used past their expiration date. Exposure to sunlight, heat, or oil of any kind can deteriorate a latex condom very rapidly. And although latex and polyurethane are strong, condoms are very thin. Therefore, they're easily torn by the edges of the cellophane or foil in which they are wrapped or by hangnails or rough fingernails. Simple care and attention will eliminate these problems.

The only better way to protect yourself from STDs is to refrain from sexual intercourse altogether. This is a perfectly viable option for some people, but not for all. If abstinence is not for you, you owe it to yourself and to your partners to learn and practice how to use condoms correctly—and consistently.

Lately I've been hearing guys using a couple of sexual terms that, frankly, have left me rather puzzled. What do people mean when they refer to "meat cocks"? And what about "blood cocks"? How are these two terms different from each other? And last but not least, why should I care?

The best definitions of these two terms that I've ever heard come from T.A. Feldwebel, writing in *Dungeon Master* a couple of years ago. I can't quote him, but I can paraphrase. According to Feldwebel, a "meat cock" is a penis that stays comparatively large even when it is soft. Most meat cocks don't enlarge a great deal when they get hard, although there certainly are exceptions. A "blood cock" is a penis that is relatively small when soft and becomes considerably larger when its spongy tissue fills with blood and it becomes hard. Again, however, there are exceptions.

Meat cocks and blood cocks may be equally large when erect, but when soft, meat cocks give their owners the appearance of being more heavily endowed. Such men are usually chosen by publishers and photographers looking for photo models, as many pages in this magazine demonstrate. Men with blood cocks rarely show up in contemporary skin and fantasy magazines such as *FRESHMEN*, but they were clearly favored by classical sculptors, as a tour through any museum of ancient Greek or Roman art will show. I have no idea why you should care about the difference other than to have the information or to develop your fantasy life. Wonderful as a fat basket may be, what's really important about a man is the size of his heart, not the size of his cock.

Henkin is a licensed marriage and family therapist, a board-certified sex therapist, and a fellow of the American Academy of Clinical Sexologists. He conducts his private therapy practice in San Francisco. Send your questions c/o FRESHMEN, *P.O. Box 4371, Los Angeles, CA 90078-4371.*

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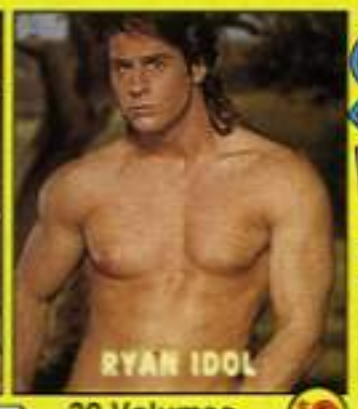

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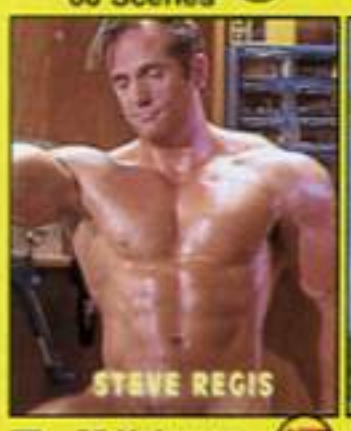

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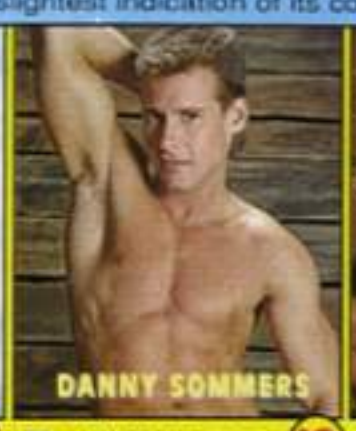

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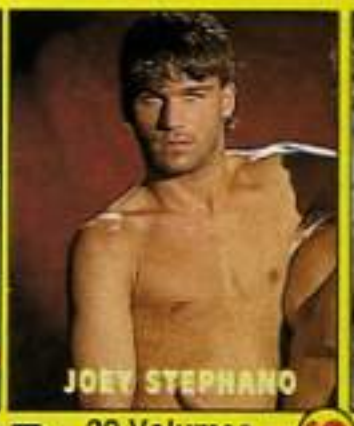

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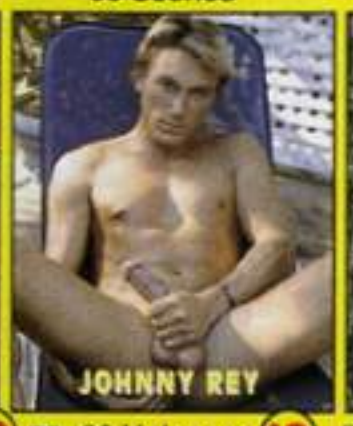

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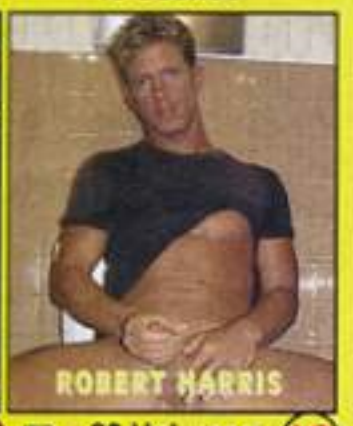

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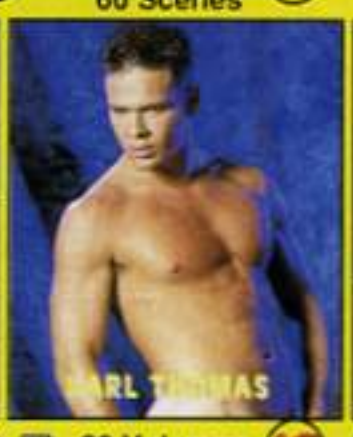

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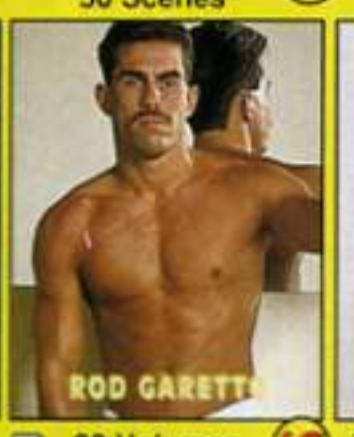

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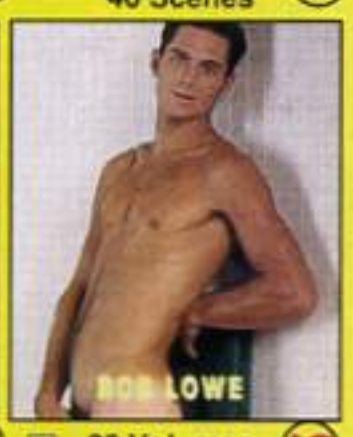

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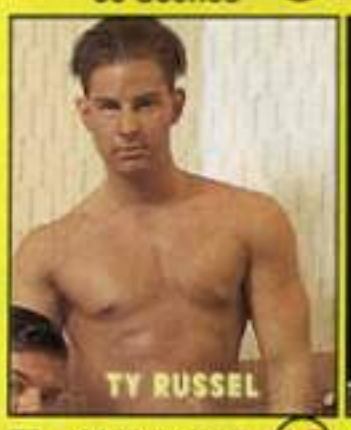

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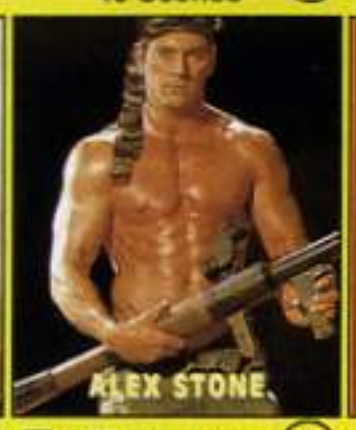

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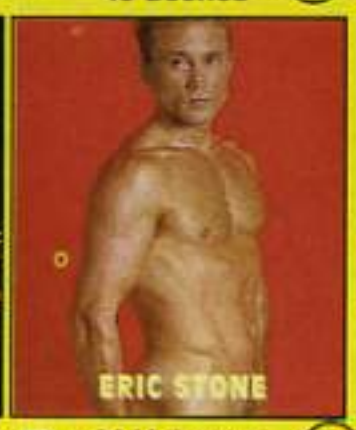

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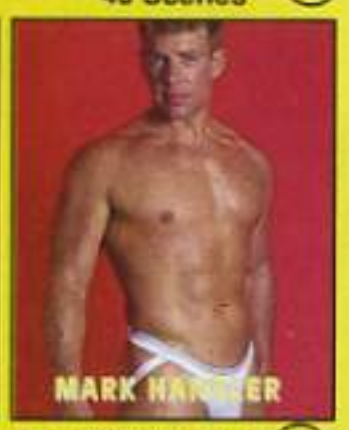

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"Kendall! Back in line!" I felt the instructor's hot breath on my neck as he leaned against me and hissed his warning. I moved my foot the required half inch and kept my eyes resolutely straight ahead. That was invariably the appropriate response—no response at all. No looks, no grunts, no body language of defiance at Rossington Academy, prestigious school for the sons of wealthy men. School, my ass! Rossington Correctional Center was more like it—last resort for people with more money than time to take care of their out-of-control sons. My father sent me here after I'd been ousted from three colleges in less than a year.

The first two incidents were merely petty theft—easy to cover when you had my father's bucks. The third time it had been armed robbery and assault—a rap even my father couldn't smooth over. However, he could still pull strings and exert his control. He called in a few big favors from the cronies who kept the judicial machine grinding in our state, and I ended up here instead of being a guest of the state penal system. It was more expensive than prison would have been, but having their eldest son in the slammer wouldn't have enhanced my parents' standing in the Social Register. What the hell—it was only money.

Now that my foot was perfectly placed, the instructor dismissed us, and another day officially came to an end. From now until 6 in the morning, we were all confined to our rooms so that we could study for the next day's classes and repent of our evil ways. At least that was the way it was supposed to be. The reality was a little different.

When you keep 50 horny guys, ranging in age from 18 to 23, all locked up together, something's got to give. Face it—none of us had ended up here because we were nice guys. Hard-ons and hormones simmered just below the surface of Rossington Academy's civilized veneer, bubbling up at night in a raunchy frenzy of cocks, mouths, and twitching assholes. The night belonged to the strong, and I was king of the hill.

I started getting serious about my body when I turned 16, and in three years' time I had transformed a so-so physique (I was never scrawny) into a six-foot powerhouse packed with 205 pounds of solid, rock-hard muscle. I was primarily concerned with building up my strength at first, but when I noticed how quickly I was able to increase my muscle mass, I became obsessed with sculpting it.

And as my muscles grew, so did my libido. I'd stand in front of the mirror and flex—puffing up my biceps like cannonballs, inflating my massive pecs, and tensing my abs till they rippled like a washboard—and my long, thick slab of uncut cock would snap to rigid attention. A finger ruffling the line of dark fur that split my torso in half and a pinch to the old tits were all it took to make my fat purple knob pop right out of my foreskin. Once I got myself nice and hot, I'd hunker down and pound my pud till my hairy balls knotted and thick white streams of jism arced high in the air and splashed down all over me.

But here at the academy I didn't have to depend on my own imagination and palm to get my rocks off. I could always persuade one of my fellow sufferers to help me out when I was in the mood. And if he didn't immediately jump to do my bidding, the flexing of my 18½-inch biceps usually changed his mind. I'd make him kneel in front of me, and I'd put the end of my dick in his mouth. Then I'd close my eyes and pretend to be someplace else till I got the relief I needed. The heat and pressure of a tongue and lips on my prick beat jerking off, and not looking at or touching the dude doing the deed kept it simple and impersonal. Hell, I was used to it—raised by servants and a succession of tutors, I'd been alone for most of my life, and I could get along just fine that way.

by derek adams

ILLUSTRATION BY BEAU

"Bite me, and I'll smash your fucking fa

Then last week Harris got assigned to my room. Harris. Man, oh, man, what a piece of work he was! From the minute I first laid eyes on him, he had me breaking all the rules. My rules. The rules I'd made to protect myself—in this damned place and out of it. Harris made me feel something—something I'd never acknowledged before when facing anything or anybody. Harris made me feel afraid, because he was able to make me feel.

The first time I saw him, he was standing beside the small window in my room, naked, crying his eyes out. I threw open the door, and Harris spun around toward me, hands cupping his groin, tears streaking his handsome face. Harris had the face of an angel—curly blond hair, big blue eyes, pink lips, rosy cheeks. He was slender, almost delicate-looking—lightly muscled, his skin perfect, the color of burnished gold. By contrast, his ass was lush and full, twin dimpled hemispheres of pale flesh—right out of a butt buster's wet dream. I wasn't sure what he was doing here at the academy, but I soon discovered that I couldn't exist without him.

"I'm Marcus," he said softly, his clear voice quavering slightly as he extended his right hand. "Marcus Harris. I—"

"What the fuck are you doing here?" I snarled. His eyes fluttered, and he took a step back from me.

"I...I was told that this was to be my room," he stammered uncertainly. "This is 417, isn't it?"

"Yeah, but I don't need no fucking roommate," I growled, shrugging my shoulders irritably.

"I...I'm sorry," Harris mumbled, shrinking back against the wall. He looked even more miserable than when I first walked in. I tossed my tie over my desk chair and began unbuttoning my shirt. I hadn't gotten off in several days, and I was suddenly so horny, my balls hurt. Harris watched me intently as I stripped, taking in my body. When I peeled off my briefs, his eyes strayed to my cock and the tip of his pink tongue flickered across his upper lip.

I had to have him—that instant. "Get down on your knees and make my cock hard, Harris. Get it all nice and juicy, then suck it till I get some relief." He knelt in front of me, hands pressed against his sleek thighs. I rubbed my big fist along the chiseled line of his jaw. "Bite me, and I'll smash your fucking face," I warned him. "You remember that."

Harris nodded and raised his hands, preparing to touch me. "Keep your frigging hands to yourself," I snapped. "I'm not interested in any part of you except your mouth." The hands fluttered back to his thighs, and he leaned toward me, ready to suck.

I closed my eyes the second he connected, trying to remember what freedom felt like. Usually I could clear all the shit out of my mind and focus on the sensations coursing through my body from the tip of my dick to the top of my head, but that night it wasn't working. My concentration was shattered by Harris—by his soft moans and the little slurping noises he made as he sucked me off.

I looked down at him and saw that he was staring up at me, watching me, his gaze flickering up and down my body from time to time but fixed mostly on my face. I scowled at him, and he blinked, his eyelashes fluttering down against his cheeks, but his cornflower eyes stayed open, focused, intense.

As I watched, his full lips slid farther up along the shaft of my cock, pulling my knob deeper into his throat till my dick was gone and all I could feel were the muscles of his throat flexing and his hot breath tickling my balls. He held me in deep for a long time, then backed off slowly, baring inch after gleaming inch of my swollen, veiny prick. He kept my knob in his mouth, teasing my come hole with his tongue, rasping his full lower lip against my tingling trigger. I took a deep breath, swelling my big chest.

Harris nursed on me till my toes curled, then started swallowing me again, his breath an ecstatic sighing in my ears. Spit and precome fell from his chin in crystal drops, splashing the backs of his hands. He locked eyes with me again, then began shaking his head from side to side, putting an almost unbearable pressure on the tender, hypersensitive skin sheathing my meat. I let out with a deep rumbling groan, and my body flexed involuntarily. My fists were knotted, the veins that snaked over my biceps bulging, the muscles distended as if I'd been pumping iron for hours. Harris drew back, plunged forward, then drew back again, trailing his tongue all along the aching underside of my prick, his every move racking me with little shocks of pleasure.

I was close, aching to come, but Harris wouldn't let me. He knew I was teetering, and every time I was there—prick flexing, gonads jiggling—he'd back off, giving just enough tongue for torment but not enough to bring the relief my body screamed for. I wanted to squirt, but I didn't want him to stop, wanted the release but not the end of the pleasure. So I did nothing except stare down at him, teeth bared, nostrils flared, every hair on my body rising with sexual static.

Finally, I couldn't stand it another second. My balls ached, and my heart was pounding like a hammer against my ribs. I reached out and gripped the back of Harris's head, fingers ruffling his soft hair, touching the hot, smooth skin of his slender neck. My hips began pumping, thrusting, hunching out of control as I fucked his handsome face, savoring the slippery heat of his throat on my cock as it pistoned in and out of him.

I slammed his face against my belly, crushing his chin against my balls as I shot my load into him. He didn't fight me, didn't protest, just knelt in front of me, throat flexing, squeezing the life juice right out of my stalk. When I was drained, I pulled my cock free and staggered back to sit on my bed, dazed and breathless. Harris stayed where he was, chest heaving, cheeks flushed, his fat little prick jutting up tight against his golden gut. Disoriented, I pulled on a pair of shorts and hurried down to the gymnasium where I pumped iron till I could no longer grip the weights.

Harris, as I soon learned, was dangerous—addictive, like a drug. Within a month he was kneeling before me twice, three times a day. I became obsessed with him, thought of him during the long, dull days, saw him when I closed my eyes at night to sleep. I began to feel vulnerable—and that feeling made me angry.

Then Harris asserted the full force of his power over me, and I was lost. I'd been in the gym, taking my frustrations out on the weights, willing myself not to think of the intense pleasure that the sight of him gave me. When I returned to our shared room, he was there on his bed, naked, waiting for me. I was hot, horny, and pumped up so tight that the veins on my arms were standing out like cables. The smell of him in the little room made my nostrils quiver.

I ignored his greeting and sat on the edge of my bed, sulking. My sweat-soaked shoelaces defied my fingers, and

ce," I warned him. "You remember that."

I cursed under my breath. Harris laid his book aside, walked across to me, and knelt between my feet.

"I'll do it," he said, his voice like soft music. I sat on the edge of my bed and stretched my long, hairy legs toward him. Harris propped my left foot against his sleek thighs and began working on the tangled knot. He took off the shoe, then peeled off my reeking sock, folded it, and set it on the floor. He left my bare foot pressing against the warm flesh of his leg, and I made no effort to move it. He removed the other shoe and sock as well, then reached up and touched a bruise on my inner thigh.

"You've hurt yourself," he said, breaking the taboo of touch. Bruises at the academy generally caused little surprise and elicited no comments. I'd got this one from smacking into the end of a barbell—my physical size discouraged the instructors from smacking me. "Must hurt," he said, looking up at me and smiling, the gentle pressure of his fingers making my skin tingle.

I grabbed Harris by the wrist and jerked him roughly to his knees. His face was within inches of mine now, and his concave belly pressed against the sweaty lump in my crotch. I glowered at him, and he licked his lips nervously. His body heat penetrated me, shooting a shiver of pleasure up my spine. Keeping his wrist firmly pinned, I dropped my other hand onto his left ass cheek and squeezed. The swell of muscle was taut, the skin like hot silk.

Instead of shrinking from me, he put his free hand on my cheek and leaned toward me until our lips met. I quickly turned my head and clamped his wrist even tighter, but he pulled my face back to him. "Please," he murmured. Our lips touched again, and this time I didn't turn my head.

Maybe I got kissed as a baby—I don't remember. I know I never got kissed as I grew older. I'd had no interest in kissing the girls at school, and none of the men I'd tangled with had ever shown much interest in necking. As a result, I had no idea how sensual a kiss could be. First it was just the gentle pressure of his soft lips. Then his tongue flickered, grazed my lips, and darted into my mouth. Our tongues made contact, and I groaned as an incredible, ball-jangling surge of lust shook me. I released Harris's wrist and slipped my arms around him, holding his supple body tight.

His tongue was in my mouth, down my throat, and against the roof of my mouth, every slight movement almost as intense as the feel of his moist tongue on my cock. Harris's hands pushed up over my belly to my chest, his palms grazing the thick nipples capping my pecs. I shook with the intensity of the feeling and stroked the smooth, hot skin of his back.

Harris somehow managed to take control of the situation. He peeled off my shorts and jock, pushed me back onto my bed, and straddled me, his asshole throbbing against the shaft of my cock. His fingers twined with mine, and he pinned my hands above my head and licked my pits and neck and belly, leaving me gasping and flopping under him like a stranded fish. I felt his hard-on and balls rubbing against my belly as he scooted up, then the tip of my prick was pressed against his asshole, the heat of it burning my whole body.

Harris looked at me again, eyes wide, glittering. "Please don't hurt me," he whispered. I pressed my fingers against his neck, and his body relaxed, melting against me. I took him slowly, savoring every inch of the penetration into the hot, moist channel of his ass. We were both groaning, hearts pounding as I sank deeper and deeper into him.

Harris stirred against me and sat up, impatient to complete the link. He sank the last few inches with a sigh, his hole grabbing at the hairy base of my meat while his cheeks pressed against my thighs. Then he planted his hands on my chest and rocked, twitching his narrow hips, finding his comfort, making the connection between our bodies perfect.

"Fuck me," he rasped, a satyr's light gleaming in his blue eyes. I bucked, and he rose in the air, his prick slapping up against his flat belly. His butt smacked down against me, and I bucked him again, savoring the pressure and friction as my dick slid half out of him, then was buried to the flexing hilt.

Harris rode me like a rodeo cowboy till his torso flushed with pink and little jewels of sweat formed on his upper lip. Then I grabbed him, rolled him under me—still joined tight—and began to fuck frantically, driven by the sheer intensity of my need. He locked his arms around my neck, his legs around my waist, grinding against me, his kisses hot against my throat and chest.

We moved together like a single being created solely for pleasure. Orgasm, when it came, began far away from my groin, tingling in fingers and toes, sensitizing skin and hair and guts. I began gasping, unable to catch my breath as the jism pumped up my prick and spewed deep inside Harris's writhing body. I felt him come on me, shooting sticky heat up my torso, spattering it against my neck.

It subsided as slowly as it came on, and our frantic pounding calmed to a gentle rocking, both of us panting, sweating, trembling with the sweet exhaustion of satiation. When my prick went soft and slipped out of him, I felt a moment's panic, not wanting the union to end, fighting back the thought of the academy and our dingy room. Harris looked at me and smiled crookedly, fingers still loosely joined around my neck. I tried to smile back, but the spell was broken, and I felt the isolation rising around me like a chill.

I stalked out of the room, went down the hall to the bathroom, and stood under the shower for a long time. When I returned to the room, Harris was in bed, blanket tight around his neck. I cursed the cold drafts from the ill-fitting window, put out the light, and climbed into my own narrow bed.

"It's cold," I growled as the wind rattled the glass.

"I'm freezing," Harris replied.

"Give me your blanket."

"What?"

"Give me your damned blanket, Harris. Move it!" I heard him stir, heard his bare feet hit the floor and shuffle to the side of my bed. He draped the blanket carefully over me, tucked it around my feet, turned to lie on his bare cot.

"Harris!"

He stopped, looked over his shoulder, his profile outlined by the pale moon. I lifted the blankets from my bed. He slipped in beside me and nuzzled against me, leg to leg, back to chest, my cock fitting comfortably into the warm cleft of his tight ass. As he nestled his head against my biceps, I tucked the blankets in around him, pressing my hand to his flat belly and my lips to the nape of his neck. With Harris there against me, his scent like spice in my nostrils, his breath hot against my arm, I fell into a deep and peaceful sleep. ●

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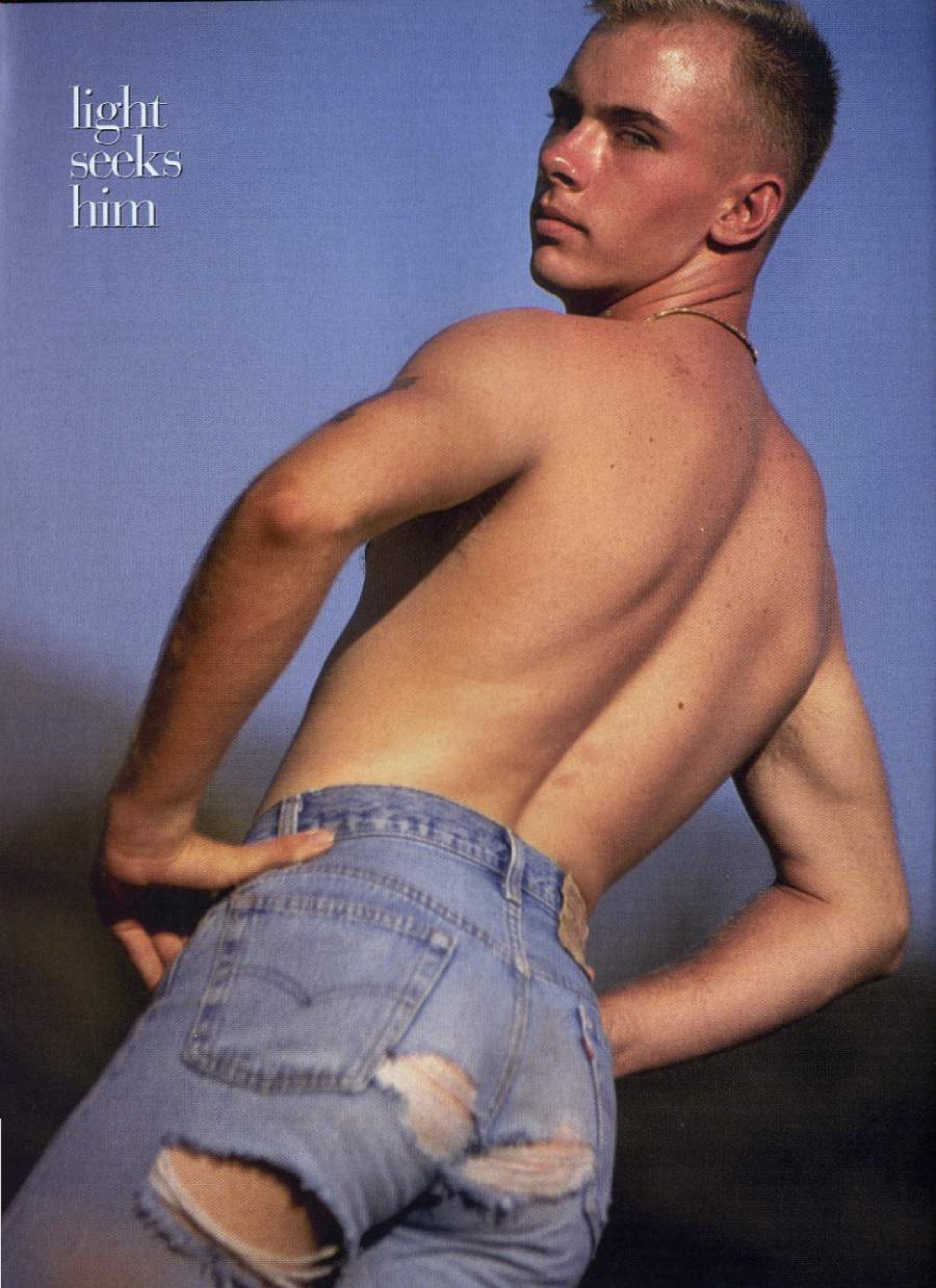


shadow
finds
him

hide and seek

the game goes on

no
gray
areas

afternoon of a faun

Model: **Mikal Janos**
Photography: **Bel Ami**

frosh

by r.j. march

We were splitting another pitcher at Digger's, a bar on Main Street frequented mostly by the guys on the university's swim team. Bishop and I were measly frosh, easily ignored but completely awestruck by these guys and the prodigious drinking they were doing. We were doing some drinking ourselves, but there was no way we could have matched drinks with any of them. Bishop and I were roommates, thrown together by the Fates, and I was thinking so far that we were a pretty good match. We were both on the quiet side and not terribly outgoing. We liked the same music, kept the same hours, and had even registered for some of the same classes. It seemed to me that we were on our way to becoming fast friends.

It felt a little strange to be sharing such close quarters with another guy. My home was filled with girls—I have seven sisters, and my father seems to be gone most of the time. So I was pretty thrown the first time Bishop stripped in front of me, and I still wasn't too comfortable with his habit of lounging around in a pair of ratty old briefs. He had an enviable build, though, from weight lifting and swimming. He was shorter than I was and thick with muscle from head to toe. His hair was blond and cut short, and his skin was brown from a summer of lifeguarding. To me he seemed to have everything going for him—looks, brawn, even brains—only he didn't know it.

But I knew it—and that was a bigger problem, as far as I was concerned.

So I was uncomfortable having Bishop lying around undressed, going unhurried and uncovered to the john with his morning erection poking up high in his briefs. I was uncomfortable with the late-night sounds

I wasn't supposed to be hearing that came from his bed—the noise of his quickened breath, of his toes cracking as they curled, and of the soundlessness that came when he did, his breathing stopped for the moment and his hand clutched tightly around his pulsing shaft.

In my bed on the other side of our room, I saw him in my mind from above, as if I hovered over him, and his skin was a silvery white in the light of the moon that came in through the uncurtained windows. His white sheets were blue, and I could see the glistening blast of come that shot from his cock and the silvered gobs that spilled over his hand and seeped into his dark bush. His head was turned, his lips were parted, and his eyes were on my bed. He brought his smeared hand to his mouth and licked it clean, and he touched his chest where there was more of it and licked his fingers again.

Yes, I was uncomfortable, all right—uncomfortable with the boner I had nearly every time I was with him. And we had only been sharing the same room for three weeks. I was sure that something was going to happen to my dick by midterms. *If this thing keeps up,* I was thinking, *maybe I'll use up my lifetime allotment of erections in a month and a half or my balls will suck themselves up into my stomach and never come down again.*

I watched the bob of his Adam's apple as he drank his beer. He set his glass down and looked over at the bar, where most of the swim team had gathered. They had pushed away the stools and were standing, leaning against the bar in a row of cocked butts, long hairless legs, tapered ankles, and bare feet stuck in stinky sneakers. They all had the hair shaved off the sides of their heads, but the tops were deliberately left long, to be cut off the night before their big meet. They were all standing close together, shoulders touching shoulders, legs touching legs, arms touching arms, attached to one another like Siamese twins.

"I was thinking of joining the swim team," Bishop said.

"Cool," I replied, but I felt a small stab of jealousy. In my mind we were already best friends, and I had this mental picture of us hanging out all the time, the way we had over the past three weeks, Bishop studying on his bed in his underwear and me on my bed, wondering if he could see the boner I was sporting. Dinners at the dining hall, movies Saturday night at the student center—we'd even talked about joining the hiking club, but this swim-team thing...

It would take him away, I told myself. The swim team was insular and fraternal. It was an us-and-them kind of group. I gathered that much right away; they were a close-knit bunch of guys who lived, ate, drank, and swam together. I imagined Bishop getting sucked in, pulled away from me by the undertow of eight great-looking guys in nothing but Speedos. I looked down into my beer.

"Maybe next semester," Bishop said, and I felt a little better. At least now I had a few months to make myself as indispensable as humanly possible—or if not, a few months to find someone as hot as Bishop to live with.

Bishop didn't come home after his evening

lit course. I sat with a book on my lap, eyeing the clock and looking at the same sentence over and over again, wondering where he was. Then the phone rang, and I answered it.

"Pete?" It was Bishop's voice.

"Yeah," I said.

"Yeah, I'm hanging with Jeffries, and we're probably going down to Digger's." His voice was low. I could hear some Guns N' Roses in the background and the sounds of guys talking and laughing.

"Who's Jeffries?" I asked.

"A guy in my lit class," Bishop replied.

"Cool," I said. "See ya."

"I'll see you—" I heard as I was hanging up the phone.

I tossed the book. *Fuck it,* I thought. *Fuck him.* The book fell open on Bishop's unmade bed. His sneakers were on the floor where his sheets had spilled down, as were his once-white socks that I could smell from here—a pleasant stink I hated to admit liking.

I stretched out across my bed and arched my back, putting my hands on my chest. Working out with Bish was really working out—I could feel my pecs growing bigger and harder. I thought about how Bishop looked heaving under a barbell loaded up with cast-iron plates, me spotting him and urging him on, and it was easy then for me to imagine him heaving under me as I told him, "Take that dick, buddy. Take all of my cock, pal." My hands slipped down over the hard bands of muscle across my stomach, down to the quickened pulse of my bone, stiff and loose in my oversize boxers. I got a good hold of myself with my left hand; I usually used my right, but the left one felt different enough to be someone else's hand, and I pretended it was my roommate's. With my free hand I plucked at my nipples through my T-shirt. I had Bishop kneeling beside me on my bed, stripped to his briefs, playing with my pecker and tits.

I opened my mouth to accept his imaginary cock, wetting my palm with a lick of my tongue and using the slicked-up surface to yank on my dick. "I love your cock, Bishop," I said out loud, and saying it made my crank quiver. "I want that big fucking cock," I whispered.

"You want it?" he asked me.

"Oh, yeah," I said.

"Where?" he said, and I could see him smiling down at me. "Tell me where you want it."

"You know where," I replied, feeling my face redden.

"Say it," he said. He pushed his cock down against my lips for me to kiss it.

Suddenly the door of my room swung open, and Bishop stood there with a couple of guys behind him peering over his shoulder. "Dude," Bishop was saying, "why don't you come with us—" They had been talking and laughing, but the sight of me on my bed with my legs spread, hard-on in hand, shut them up. I froze, unable to make a move to cover up. A pearly drop of precome spilled from my piss hole. "Whoops," somebody said. Bishop himself looked pale and couldn't back out fast enough. "Sorry," he said. "I'm sorry, man."

I had a lecture class the next day—sociology.

I sat in the middle of a huge auditorium with about 120 other kids, ready to be bored for an hour and a half by the doddering old professor, who stood behind the podium as if he needed it to hold himself up. I settled in, opened my notebook, and started doodling, waiting for the old guy to get himself started. Somebody sat next to me, a guy wearing a baseball cap turned around and a T-shirt with the words COED NAKED TWISTER on the front. He fell into his seat

and put his feet up on the back of the seat in front of him. He wore baggy shorts, and his legs were pale and hairy.

I glanced at his face and saw that he was looking at me. I nodded, and he said, "What's up," which was just like nodding these days, nothing one needs to answer. "This guy's gonna die up there one of these days," he said to me as the professor cleared his throat again and again.

I glanced over at him again. He had his hands over his crotch, moving his fingers every once in a while to scratch his balls. He had no books, no notebook—not even a backpack. His thighs looked as though he'd just finished a marathon, they were so big and well-defined. And, as if he knew what I was looking at, he pulled his hands off the package in his shorts and ran them over his legs. And then he put one of those hands in front of me. "Name's Mark," he said, his voice a whisper.

I shook his hand and told him my name.

"You're Bishop's roommate," he said. I nodded.

"I went to high school with him," Mark told me.

The lecture had begun, and the old man was spewing forth a ton of information on which we'd no doubt be tested. I bent over my notebook and began to scribble furiously. Every once in a while, I would glance over at Mark, who just sat beside me chewing his cuticle or fiddling with the hem of his shorts. When the lecture was over, I gathered my things, and Mark stood up and did a long, luxurious stretch. His shirt lifted and revealed a thick happy trail climbing up and out of his shorts. His ass jutted out: two nicely defined cheeks that begged for attention. In fact, all of Mark seemed to beg for attention.

He lingered, looking around. "You going to lunch?" he asked me.

"I've got another class," I told him.

"Right," he said.

"What?" I asked.

"I said, 'Right,' as in, 'I'll catch you later, then.' See ya." And then he was gone.

The room was empty when I came home from classes. Usually Bish was waiting for me, and we'd go to the gym or run or something. His bed was unmade, as always, and I sat down on it. I picked up his pillow and held it to my nose. It smelled like him, of course, but so much so that it surprised me. I pushed my face into the softness of it, smothering myself with the smell of Bishop, and my heart began to pound in my chest. My pecker stiffened and pounded in my pants. For a second I seriously contemplated taking off my jeans and humping the shit out of the pillow, but I regained my senses.

What the fuck is up with me? I thought, getting up and throwing Bishop's pillow away as if it were radioactive. I stood up and paced as much as one can pace in a dorm room: six steps one way, six steps another. I boiled some water in the microwave for some instant coffee and put on my favorite CD of the moment. I stood by the window that looked out over the quad, waiting to see Bishop. It was getting late, and I hadn't eaten. I ran to the dining hall right before it closed and ate spaghetti by myself, not tasting anything. I felt odd in my stomach and immeasurably sad. I hadn't felt so low since my parents had put the family dog to sleep. It didn't make any sense to me. *Snap out of it,* I told myself. *Put it out of your mind.*

I left the dining hall, and I saw that Mark guy sitting next to a football on a low wall outside the doors. He got up when he saw me. "Hey," he said, smiling.

"Hey," I said back, puzzled by his sudden appearance and feeling as though he had been waiting for me.

"Uh, do you play football?" he asked me, stepping up to me and matching my pace because I didn't stop to talk.

"Nope," I said.

"But you can throw one, right? And catch one?"

He smiled, showing white teeth that were slightly crooked, his canines pronounced and wolflike.

I stopped short and gave him a look. He was a head taller than me, and he had straight dark hair. The sleeves were torn from his madras shirt, and he wore cutoffs that were high on the thigh. I took the ball from under his arm. He smiled, showing white teeth that were slightly crooked, his canines pronounced and wolflike.

"I know a place," he said.

We started walking, down past the pond edged with willows, through a mowed, narrow field to another field with soccer goals set up, marked still with faded boundary lines. We started throwing the ball around.

"How's Bish doing?" Mark asked.

I could feel my face tighten. "Fine, I guess," I said. "Haven't seen him much lately."

"He's always reminded me of a cat," Mark said, pitching a perfect spiral I had to make a running leap to catch. I picked myself up off the ground and threw a wild pass back. I told him I always had dogs.

"You know what I mean, though?" he was saying. "I mean, he comes around when he wants to be fed or when he wants his head scratched. He was like that in high school, calling me up after a month of ignoring me and wanting to know if I had any weed or if he could come over and hang out on a Friday night, and I'd drop everything for him." He threw the ball.

I wasn't following him, really. I still had this vision of Bishop coming up to me, wanting his head scratched. It was a pleasant thought. I fingered the laces of the ball. It was getting dark. I couldn't make out Mark's features anymore, just his general shape. The ball disappeared in the air, and I heard the slap it made in his hands. "Nice throw," he said.

"He's all right," I said, my voice sounding funny to me. We suddenly seemed far away from everything. I heard him make a little grunt as he tossed the ball my way. I couldn't see a thing. It thudded hard to my left and bounced and rolled.

"Sure he is," Mark said. I could hear him coming closer. I went after the ball. The grass had become wet with dew. He was standing beside me when I bent over to pick up the football, and I felt the heat that came off him. I was waiting for him to touch me—my shoulder, my arm, some kind of contact. I heard his breathing and the chirping of the crickets in the tall grass. He took the ball from my hands.

"I could use a beer," he said.

"I have a sixer in my room," I offered.

"Let's go," he said, and we started walking.

We didn't talk again until we got to the doors of my dormitory. I looked up and saw the light on in my room. "Bishop must be home," I said.

"What time is it?" Mark asked. I told him, noticing the watch he had on his wrist.

"Shit," he said. "I have a study group to lead in five minutes. Maybe I can catch up with you later, man." He lifted a

hand in a gesture of good-bye, and then, turning, he broke into a jog. I watched him as he ran away.

I shrugged Mark off, more interested now in getting upstairs and seeing Bishop. I took the steps two at a time and raced down the hall to my room. Some of the guys had their doors open, studying or listening to music or watching their little televisions. "Hey, Bricker," I heard again and again, announcing my arrival.

I got to my door. It was covered with tabloid headlines that Bish and I had thought were particularly fucked-up and hilarious. I tried the door, but it was locked. I fumbled for my key and couldn't find it. I knocked and waited. I could hear music. I wondered where my key was. Bishop didn't answer. I pounded on the door. "Hey, it's me," I said. "C'mon. Let me in."

I heard the click of the lock, and the door opened. Bishop stood there in a pair of shorts that seemed a little tented, but that could have been my imagination. There was some blond-haired guy on my bed. The smell of pot and incense hung heavily in the air. Bishop's eyes were red and maybe a little too wide. I had the distinct impression that I was interrupting something, and that pissed me off.

"This is Jeffries," Bishop said. The blond got up from my bed, holding out his hand. I shook it hard, sizing him up. His body was trim, and I could see the power of his shoulders, the decent spread of his lats when he turned and walked over to the window. He leaned on the sill, and his shoulders bunched up. He looked familiar to me, and I said so.

"Jeffries is on the swim team," Bishop said.

"I kind of met you last night," Jeffries said from the window without turning.

"Oh," I said. I picked up some books from my desk. I saw a bong on Bishop's desk.

He must have seen me spot it. "You want some?" he asked. "It's pretty excellent."

"I can see that," I said, feeling suddenly like somebody's aunt. "No thanks. I've got a ton of shit to do," I added, trying to ease up.

"Want us to leave?" Bishop said quickly.

I shook my head. "There's somebody at the library I want to catch up with anyway," I said. "Hey, you know this guy—his name's Mark. He told me he went to high school with you."

"Mark," Bishop said, looking down at the floor. "Mark...Mark..." He shook his head, but then something dawned on him, and his eyes widened, suddenly clear.

"You mean Mark *Fuller*?" he said.

I shrugged my shoulders. "I guess so."

Bishop seemed to compose himself. He picked at a callus on his palm. "So what's he got to say?"

"Not much," I replied, sensing something—an edge—that clipped Bishop's words. "Well, I'll see you." I pulled a punch at his shoulder that he didn't dodge. "Nice meeting you," I said to Jeffries. He was still looking out the window. His butt was cocked, and his long legs were hairless. He turned quickly, and I was caught with my eyes below his belt, catching a glimpse of the outline of his big dick in the silky mesh basketball shorts he was wearing.

"See you," he said, smirking, and his eyes dropped down the front of me, focusing, I thought, on my crotch.

I was nearly out the door when Bishop grabbed my arm. He held it hard, staring into my eyes. "He's a real bullshitter, man," he whispered. "Don't believe a fucking word he says."

I pulled my arm free. "Who is?" I asked. "Him?" I said, nodding into the room.

"Fuller," Bishop said, making a face. "Stay away from him. He's fucked-up."

I searched the library for Mark but didn't find him. I looked in the local directory and found him there, listed at an apartment off campus. I thought about calling, but I didn't know what to say, and I was afraid he would put me off. I didn't want to be put off. I walked to College Avenue and stood in front of the house. The first floor was dark, but the lights were on upstairs, and I saw Mark walk past an open window.

"Fuller!" I called, my voice ridiculously deep. I felt as though everything had slipped up into my throat: my heart, my stomach—even my dick. Mark came back to the window and looked out. I saw him in silhouette but could tell he was shirtless, seeing the light on his shoulders. I stepped under a streetlight. "It's me," I said.

"It is, isn't it?" he called back from his window. I could almost hear him smiling. He squatted down then and rested his chin on his folded arms.

"How do I get up?" I said. A breeze stirred the leaves.

"Are you drunk?" he wanted to know.

"No," I said.

"Come around the back," he said. "I'll put the light on."

He was at the top of the stairs, waiting. I saw him in silhouette again, and I lost my nerve. I wasn't sure what had brought me here until now, seeing him half-dressed and dark-faced. I slowed on the steps. He had his hands on the door frame, and I could see the cut of his triceps and the flex of his deltoids. I stopped. I put my hand on the banister.

"You OK?" he asked. I didn't answer. I wasn't sure. He started down the stairs. I felt his hand on my forearm. It was one thing to want something, another thing altogether to get it. Until now, wanting didn't mean anything—nothing had changed for me. But now something was about to happen—or maybe it was happening already.

Mark stood one step up from me and put his other hand on the back of my neck. Everything swirled around in my head: images of Bishop wet from the shower, padding down the hall naked because he forgot his towel; the look on his face when he and his friends found me spread out and jacking off; and now Mark's face coming in close to mine.

I pulled back. He let go of me and sat down. "Why'd you come here?" he asked me. I didn't answer.

"Maybe you want to go home now," he said. I shook my head. He stood again and started up the stairs. I followed him.

He walked through the foyer and into a darkened room. I stood in the doorway. My eyes slowly adjusted to the dark. I could see him sitting on his bed. He leaned over and turned on a bedside light. He stretched out on the bed and looked at me. I tried to meet his gaze, but my eyes slipped down, taking him in. His chest was muscled and hairless, with wide brown nipples. His stomach

was ribbed, dark with hair below his navel.

At the crotch of his shorts was a mound, a small mountain of dick and balls that rose above his huge thighs. He bent his legs, bringing his heels close to his butt, and the crotch disappeared. His arms crossed behind his head. I could study him a little more closely now. His eyes were dark, his nose long and straight. His lips, like his nipples, were almost red, framed with the black shadow of a beard. His nipples poked up high, casting shadows and seeming to invite any kind of finger play.

My feet felt nailed to the floor, and my eyes felt glued to the expanse of Mark's skin.

"You're nothing like Bishop," he said finally.

"What do you mean?" I asked him.

Mark got up on one elbow, resting his head on his hand. "This is something Bish would do," Mark said, looking down at himself. "He would spread himself all out and wait for me to make the first move. I always had to make the first move with him—it always had to be me seducing him, even though it was clearly the other way around." He smiled. "In the beginning, anyway."

"That's what you're doing now?" I said, my voice cracking a bit. I felt a shot of red color my face.

"I'm not doing too good, am I?" he said, smiling again. He sat up. "Come here."

I took some steps closer. I got myself within his reach, and he caught my arms in his hands and pulled me closer. He pressed his face into the front of my shirt. I felt his hot breath seep through the fabric, warming my stomach. I put my hands on his head and scratched it with the blunt ends of my fingers. I moved down his neck and across his wide back, fingering the edges of his lats, seeing an odd triangle of tiny golden hairs growing just over his ass, half covered by the waistband of his shorts.

"Wait a minute," I said. "What was that about Bishop? You two—" I felt him nod his head. "No way," I said.

Mark leaned back. "He'd make me beg for it," he said. "He'd hold out and hold out, and then he'd be like, 'OK, you can blow me'—like he's doing me this big favor. He's a cute fucker, but a monster tease. Are you telling me you two aren't screwing around?"

"What?" I said, almost laughing.

"I thought you two were…close," he said.

"Not like that," I said.

Mark smiled. "But you wouldn't mind getting closer, right?"

"To tell you the truth, I really don't care much about Bishop right now," I told him. I figured I had Bishop just about figured out. All that walking around half dressed and half hard—I was just too naive to realize what was going on. I didn't care anymore. Besides, it seemed pretty obvious that Bish was boffing Jeffries now, anyway.

"Are you going to blow me or what?" I said to Mark, and he did.

He pulled down my shorts easily, and my pecker knocked him on the chin.

I felt his breath all over my crotch as he sniffed at me like a dog, and then his tongue poked at my balls. My fingers twisted around his slick black hair, and my cock rested alongside his nose, its tip hidden in his bangs. He sucked my nuts into his hot mouth and mushed them around in there. He made noises deep in his throat. I made some noises myself. Humping his forehead was nice, but I was ready for my first blow job. (I wasn't exactly a virgin; I let a guy jack me off once at church camp when I was 17.)

I poked at his head with my forefinger, pushing him back and aiming my dick right at his pretty mouth. Mark's head came close to my crotch, and I saw my cock slide into his head. I felt his mouth around my cock and his nose butting against my pubic bone. My knees felt like rubber, my face flushed hot, and my palms slicked over with sweat. My dick felt like steel, and I poked it into him, riding the crest of his tongue and scraping along the edges of his teeth.

I was freaking out and my dick was still wet with his spit doing a sorry jut from my groin.

I pulled out to batter his lips with my spit-soaked cock head. Mark moaned and opened wide again, and I fucked his mouth, holding on to his ears, pulling on them. I felt a sweet tingle somewhere in my nuts that turned into a roiling boil, and Mark got a taste of what was to come when I started leaking. He grunted and swallowed and dug his fingers into my ass cheeks, clawing his way up my back and under my soaked pits to come down hard on my nipples.

When he clamped on my pinks, I started slamming into him, spewing a load of sperm into his mouth. Mark gulped and snorted, sucking out the last drops, and I saw him working his own rod, sliding his foreskin back and forth over the huge red knob of his cock. He went all the way down on me one last time, choking himself, and I saw a blast of white fly from his dick. He emptied himself on the floor and fell back against the bed, breathing hard, his lips shining, looking up at me.

"I've got to go," I said abruptly. I was freaking out, and my dick was still wet with his spit, doing a sorry jut from my groin. I had the feeling I could go either way down there—up or down—and I wanted to believe it had nothing to do with me, that it was out of my hands. I wanted to believe that this didn't mean anything.

"Sure," Mark said, putting his own half-hard dick away. "Whatever."

I pulled up my shorts and headed for the door. "I'll see you," I said without turning to look at him. I took the dark stairs three at a time. I got to the door and was fumbling for the knob when Mark appeared at the top of the stairs.

"Hey, give Bishop my best," he said.

The dorm room was empty and stinking of pot smoke.

I opened the windows. The phone rang.

"You alone?" It was Mark. "I'm coming over, but I have to say something first. I thought I was getting one over on Bishop by putting the moves on you. I mean, that's what I started out thinking. I was pretty much just interested in making Bishop's life a little miserable. But you—you're a nice guy, and I get the feeling this stuff is kind of new for you or whatever. Am I right? Hey, are you there?"

My voice cracked when I tried to speak, and I didn't know what to say. "Uh, yeah," I managed.

"So, I'm coming over now. As soon as I hang up. I'm running all the way. Is that OK?"

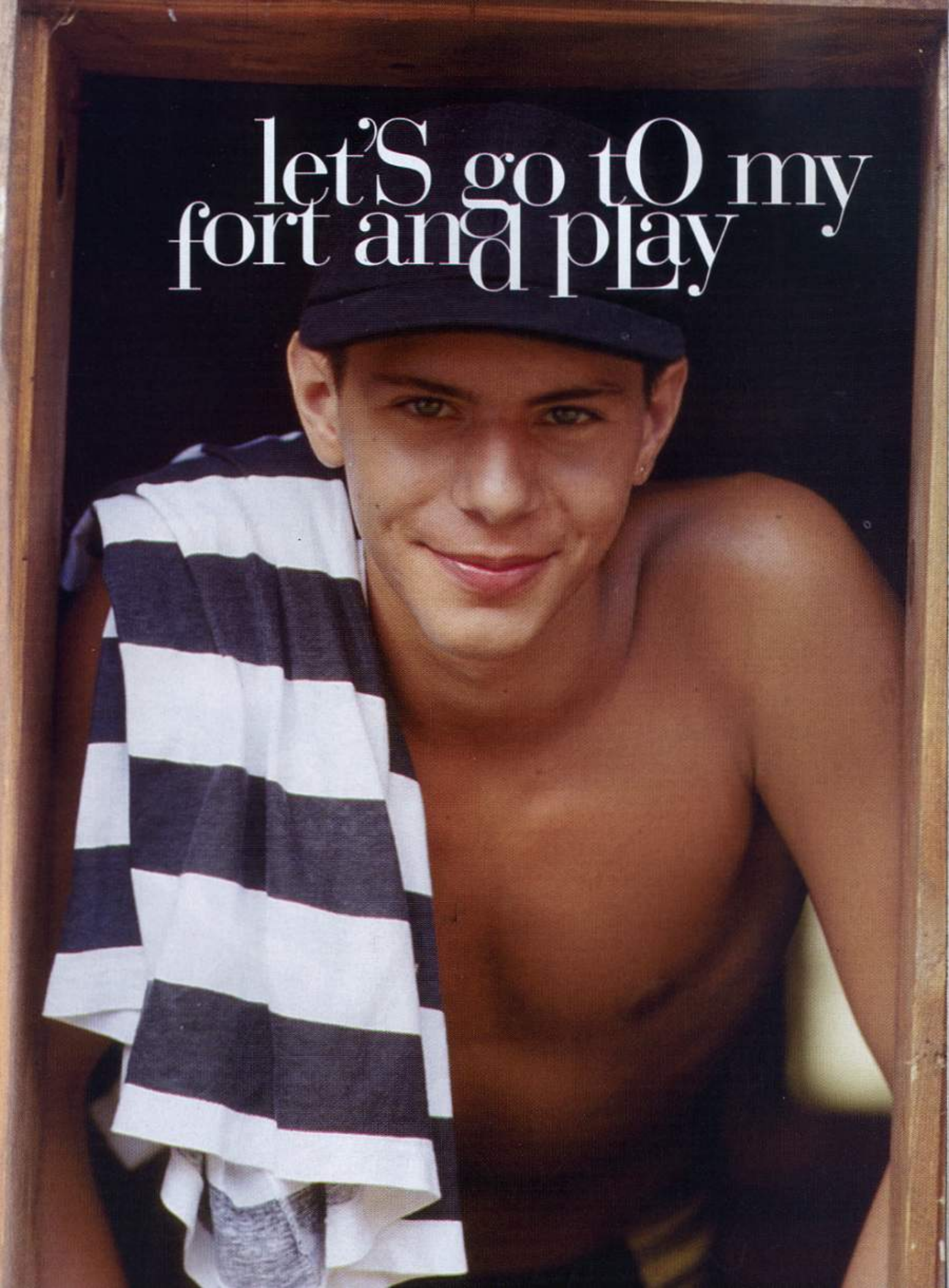
"I think so," I said. "I think it's OK. I'll know for sure when you get here."

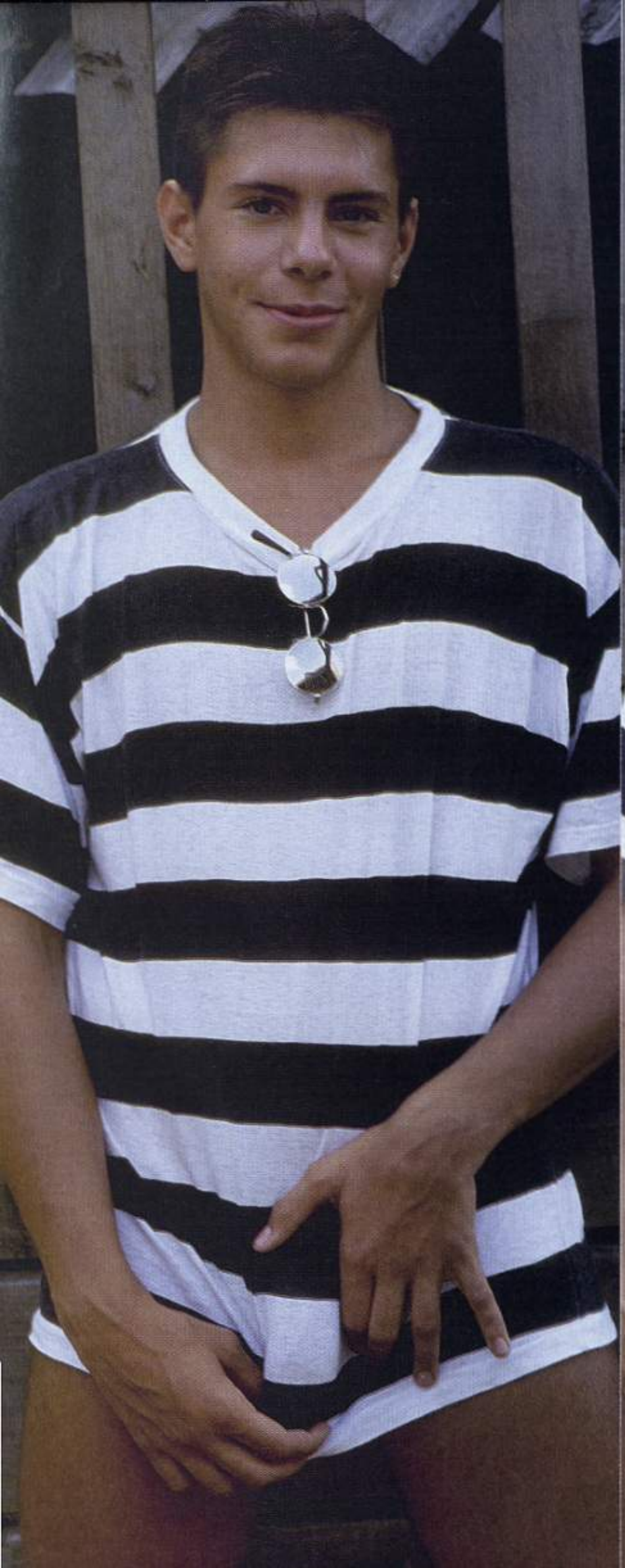
"It's just that I wanted to kiss you," I heard him say. "I want to kiss you now."

"Hang up," I said. I put the phone down and sat down on the bed, waiting to be kissed. ●

Model: **Deny Kolos**
Photography: **Bel Ami**

let'S go tO my fort and play





YoU don't hAve
to DO anyTHing
yOu dont Want

nO girls Are allowEd

c'mON,
it stays
light late
now

bermuda triangle

by key lincoln

"Bonwit," said my Oxford tutor, "you get laid for the first time only once. For something so important you must go to Bermuda during the Christmas vac."

The pale man with the ginger eyebrows began to rhapsodize. "Ah, those cocoa-skinned lads in their tiny thongs! They rise from the turquoise sea like flying fish, the sun-bright water streaming from their glowing flanks! And ah, those nubile Rutgers boys on term break, with their loose shorts slipping to where their arse cracks begin! They'll drop them all the way—ah, yes!—if you let them *crash* for the night in your room!" As always, old Roy stressed what he thought to be current American slang.

He smiled to himself as if at some fond reminiscence. "Bonwit, old sod," he said, "do get off the bob, as they say in the States, and have your cinders removed."

He gazed out the high window of the Bodleian Library at the black slush on Catte Street and stroked his perpetual boner while I blushingly thought about my 22 years of frustrated virginity.

But I took his advice.

A week later I was lying on a deck chair by the outdoor swimming pool of the Hamilton Princess, feeling the warm kiss of the fabled Bermuda sun on my all-but-naked body as I tweezed the grandfather hairs from my ears and wished I'd stayed in frigid old Oxford. At least I'd have enjoyed lively conversation there, even if I hadn't gotten off the bob and had my cinders hauled.

Sensuality there *was* in Bermuda—in abundance—but it was oppressively heterosexual. The Pepto-Bismol-pink facade of the grand old hotel loomed behind me like the cellulite-laden rump of an aging music-hall tart, inviting me to slip another 20 in her girdle. The blue-green water of the harbor lapped the quayside at my feet like the soft squoosh of a finger in a wet vagina. The bosomy blue Bermuda sky...well, you get my foul mood.

Instead of nubile Rutgers boys, I dourly contemplated elderly couples, the men all bones with skin like turkey wattles, the women a tracery of wrinkled leather from sun and ciggies. Oh, yes, there were a few younger pairs, the straightness of the husbands betrayed not so much by their glances at bikinied bimbos as by the spare tires they no longer tried to deflate. It looked as though

ILLUSTRATION BY MIGUEL ANGEL REYES

I'd go back to Oxford as pure as when I boarded the plane at Heathrow.

But then, across the lawn, came the kind of body you seldom see outside the photo essays of porn magazines. A bit under my height of 5 foot 10. Very slim. Not an ounce of unnecessary flesh, yet wonderfully, sharply muscled. I could count his abdominal ripples. His coppery skin was hairless. His obviously thick cock pressed a bit of its shaft and all of its circumcised head against a white—and very minimal—cotton thong. I visualized his penis with heat waves radiating from it, rising to my face. I imagined the plushy head, its aroma wafting to my nostrils, pushing into my mouth, gagging me, shooting its creamy load—deflowering me at last!

When he turned his back and bent from the waist to spread a blanket, the supporting rear string of his thong disappeared altogether between two shining buns the color of rum caramel. In my fantasy I buried my nose in the hot, sweaty cleavage and licked his pucker like a cat lapping milk.

Pure twaddle. I hadn't the nerve even to introduce myself to the boy.

Then, as if I'd said something, he twisted around at the waist and looked straight at me with what seemed to be a shadow of alarm in his fine dark eyes. He couldn't have seen *my* eyes, but he might have noticed the tip of my tongue hanging out.

There was a discontented yet vulnerable expression, reminiscent of Johnny Depp, about his mouth. I could visualize him submitting to me in a surly, dangerous way. I could almost feel those carved lips around the head of my dick, the sandpapery tip of his tongue brushing my cock head at its supersensitive groove while his dark eyes stared mine down. I saw myself pulling away to forestall coming, sinking to my knees, taking that Schlitz bottle of a dong in my mouth while I loosened his butt hole with my middle finger.

Oh, frog shit! He was being joined by a girl. Too broad-beamed and cotton-candy blond for my taste, in her itsy-bitsy teeny-weeny yellow polka-dot bikini. She plopped down on the blanket and was clawing a plastic bottle of sunscreen out of a large bejeweled handbag.

I sank back on my chaise, but out of one eye I could still take in everything. Kneeling next to her, pretending to be straightening the beach towel, Johnny rubbed his protruding pouch against her bare shoulder. She sulkily pushed him away. He got up, and I could see the beginnings of an erection as he dived into the pool. The girl put on a pair of sunglasses in the shape of two red hearts and stretched out.

He was a good swimmer, but antsy. He soon climbed out of the pool. He hadn't been in long enough to soften his hard-on. He planted himself in front of her, pelvis thrust forward, so that the water from his cock tip dripped down her cleavage, and he spoke in a low, urgent voice. I could imagine him saying something really suave like "Let's go back to the room and screw our fucking brains out."

She didn't reply. *Give her up, mate,* I telepathized to him. *I could do things for you she never dreamed of.* But this time he didn't look at me. Instead, he slipped his hand into the pouch and eased his dick so that his hard-on lay in the valley of the left side of his groin. He flipped a towel over his shoulders and walked off toward the coffee shop and bar, which stuck out in a semicircle from the rear of the hotel.

I gave him time to sit down and order a drink. Then I put on my cream gauze vest, which showed off my respectably pumped-up pecs, and casually took off after him.

He was the only guest inside. He sat at a table by a potted palm, his bare chest and waist visible from above and his bare legs from below, creating the pleasant illusion that he was starkers. He was staring glumly out the window at the Bermudan, British, and American flags flying from the poles at the edge of the quay.

I walked up to his table, my pulse jumpy. "Mind if I join you?" I said. For me, you must realize, that unoriginal gambit took some daring.

Without looking at me he lifted an indifferent hand toward the chair opposite him. I wasn't put off. In my self-image, I'd have played it cool like that. This close up, I saw the black hairs on his suntanned forearms, and I felt a chill go right down the backs of my legs.

I sat down and motioned to Jerrold, the coffee-skinned waiter. He wore a short-sleeved white dress shirt, sharply creased white Bermuda shorts, white knee-length stockings, and immaculate white shoes. He had a brilliant smile that stretched all the way to his million-dollar cheekbones. I'd hungered after Jerrold's trim butt too without quite knowing the words with which to order it from the menu. His smile had grown guarded over the past few days as he'd become more aware of my interest in him. The fragrance of patchouli drifted into my nostrils as he came near the table.

"What'll you have?" I asked Johnny Depp.

I thought he was going to turn me down. But he didn't. "Rum and Coke," he said. He didn't act grateful. I liked that. I ordered a bourbon on the rocks—a mite stiff for me, but I needed the goose.

"So," I said, trying to sound American as we clicked glasses, "Lolita isn't, uh, putting out today?"

If he was going to throw his drink in my face, tip over the table, or just walk out, this was the moment. I imagined him reviewing the options as he reddened under his tan. But he finally said, "That bitch thinks her shit's apple butter and there aren't enough spoons to go around." His voice was husky, kind of like Clint Eastwood's.

I pursed my lips, and my eyes said, *How shocking, tell me more.* He did.

"The little cockteaser," he continued. "When I invited her on this trip, she let me think she was hot to trot."

"But you wanted what?"

He suddenly turned from the flags and locked eyes with me over the rim of his glass. He spoke hollowly into it, as if he wasn't sure he wanted me to hear him say it: "I want a blow job so fucking bad, I'd do it to myself if I could reach my pecker with my mouth."

"Seems a reasonable request."

He laughed sourly. "You'd think so. No chance of her getting knocked up. Tastes like oatmeal."

"What does the dick itself taste like?" I asked slyly.

He answered without hesitation: "Like rare beef." Then he looked uncomfortable. He'd said more than was discreet.

"You're sure of that?" I asked him.

The look turned to something like defiance. "Yeah," he said, "I am." His dark eyes challenged mine. His left hand slipped out of my sight below the table. I waited for it to touch my bare knee. It didn't. But from the moving ligament in his left biceps, I knew he was stroking his dick.

I read him loud and clear. It was my cue to say I'd blow him. I drained my glass and stood up. I smiled down at his aroused tits. My dick stirred as I imagined them against my fingertips.

"Lots of luck," I said through the ice bits in my mouth, and I sauntered up the steps into the hallway that led to my room. I told myself I was trailing a lure.

But there was no click of clogs following me, no fish chasing the bait.

That night, in bed, I recognized my behavior as a failure of nerve. I doubted I'd get another chance. I'd go back to England as much a frustrated virgin as when I left. I slid my hand into the fly of my pajamas and took hold of my cock. It was soft and smooth, and it welcomed the touch with a faint early current of pleasure. Visualizing Johnny, I slid my hand along my shaft and lightly gripped the ridge of my cock head. I felt the warm blood flowing into it. I felt it lengthening, thickening, firming. I pulled my pajama bottoms off and took hold of my shaft with both hands. It went rigid, and every nerve was asking to be stroked, to be squeezed, to be brutalized. I'd expected to make it a leisurely jack-off session, but I'd put off masturbating too long. Soon I was pounding my meat like mad.

At this moment, through the open patio door of my ground-level room, I heard the soft splashing of water in the hotel pool, which was about 40 feet away, screened from my wing of the building by a cluster of pittosporum shrubs. Then I heard two laughing male voices, one Bermudan, the other American. I got up and, naked from the waist down and still stroking my dick, walked to the door to listen.

The air had chilled slightly, and one of those sudden Bermuda showers swept in off the Atlantic. I heard more laughter, and in a moment two slim figures in tiny swim trunks appeared, carrying towels and clothing, taking shelter under the nearest pittosporum, not ten feet from my door.

My heart swelled as I recognized Johnny and Jerrold! To think these guys had connected! They spread out their towels and were sitting side by side, talking, not touching. I stepped back into a shadow and watched, still sliding my fist up and down my erection.

In a bit Jerrold lay back, arched his hips, and slid his bikini below his round butt, down his long legs, and off. His dark uncut dick flopped over his left thigh. I'd always wondered about it, but his Bermuda shorts had revealed nothing. He looked over and said something in a low voice to Johnny, who had been leaning on his elbows, taking in the nudity beside him.

Johnny hesitated and then slowly unhooked his thong pouch and let it drop between his thighs. His short, thick shaft swung up in an erection. Jerrold chuckled and reached for it. Johnny shied away. And soon they were laughing and wrestling. It seemed as if Johnny wanted Jerrold to suck him, but Jerrold, who was bigger and stronger, had other plans. And who knows whether Johnny was trying very hard?

Soon he was on his back, and the lanky waiter was squatting on his abdomen, his knees on the white boy's shoulders and his hands pressing his wrists back against the blanket, beside his head. Grinning, he leaned forward, and his still-limber dick wagged over Johnny's face. "What you got to say *now*, mon!" Jerrold said in his lilting voice.

"Fuck you, mon!" said Johnny, lifting his legs (I could see big round balls under his butt) and trying to get a scissors hold around Jerrold's neck. But his legs wouldn't reach far enough, and he let them drop with a thud to the ground. He stopped struggling, and the two boys seemed frozen in this pose for a moment or two.

Jerrold's dick began to fill out. His cock head, shaped like an American World War II helmet, eased out of its hood and shone in the spotlight illuminating the outside of the building.

The rain was still coming down, and now it was getting through the foliage and sprinkling on the two naked kids. Jerrold's cock went stiff and swung up flat against his belly. He leaned far forward, and as I jacked myself I got down on my knees like a wrestling referee to see how close he was getting to Johnny's face. His dark nuts touched the white boy's chin. Johnny's tongue came out and licked the underside of the long shaft.

"Oh, lordy!" crooned Jerrold.

Suddenly, from the second-floor outer stairway of the main part of the building, perhaps 20 feet to the left, a bright flashlight beam caught both figures. It was the portly hotel security man, and I knew he ran a tight ship. He'd chased me back into my room two nights before when I'd been sitting naked on my patio. He had only to run down the steps toward the pool and U-turn back through the trees to catch them. As he hoofed it down, hell-bent on capturing them, they leaped to their feet and stood there, uncertain which way to run.

Impulsively, I called out "This way!" Had I given it more thought, I probably wouldn't have done it.

They hesitated, then scampered into my room. I closed the glass door and pulled the ceiling-to-floor drapery shut. A couple of seconds later, a circle of light played across my window from the other end of the wing. I peeked out. The guard was now picking up the abandoned clothing. Apparently, he assumed they had fled around the other end, and he didn't feel up to pursuing them. He turned off his light and carried the clothing away. A gust of rain whipped against the glass as the ocean storm hit.

I let the drapery fall back into place, and the room was plunged into complete darkness. I could hear the boys breathing behind me. I could smell their fresh, clean skin and, despite their dip in the pool, the sexy scent of Jerrold's cologne. I drifted dreamily on the waves of warmth emanating from their bodies.

"Is he gone?" Johnny asked. His voice seemed younger, less confident.

"Yes," I said, trying to keep the satisfaction out of my voice, "but he's got your clothes."

"Shit!"

"Aren't you Mr. Bonwit, sir?" said Jerrold. He'd recognized my voice. "How lucky!"

There was a slight scrambling in the dark, and Johnny cried, "Ooh!" Wonderful! Jerrold had taken hold of him *in my room!*

I gathered up my nerve. "You can..." I was going to say "use my bed," but I realized from the sounds they were making that they were already doing just that.

"Oh, yes, *yes!*" Johnny's voice was quavering with passion. "Suck it! Suck that big dick!" From the vibration of the bed, I could tell that Jerrold was going down on him, probably taking the thick cock all the way down his throat.

I was excited out of my skull. I'd watched California porn flicks and pulled my pud in rhythm with the thumping music and the hot action on the screen, but I had never in my life been close to real, live guys humping each other, close enough for me to smell their hot sex glands, to feel the heat radiating from their bodies, to know I could just reach out and touch their sweating, straining muscles.

It went to my head like champagne. I pumped my cock with my left hand and extended my right nervously into the darkness. Did I dare? My heart was pounding against my ribs as I made contact with Jerrold's solid left bun. It was moving up and out each time the black youth, whose handsome face and gorgeous body I could visualize, went all the way down on Johnny's dick.

For all Jerrold knew, my hand could be Johnny's touching his luscious butt. That gave me courage. I slid it down the curving globe of flesh and touched his swinging bag of hairless testicles. I heard a new kind of murmur from him. I circled the bag at its base with my thumb and forefinger and pulled gently. I moved closer and slid my fingertips into the exposed valley between his ass cheeks. Jerrold slowed down and then became still. My middle finger touched the wrinkled pit of his asshole. It was moist and warm.

Did I dare? Would he belt me? Before I could lose my nerve, I pressed my fingertip against the spot.

He was *very* still now. My finger was pinched to the first joint in the hot, tight, incredibly smooth grip of his ass ring. He had let go of Johnny's dick, for the American boy was moaning, begging for more.

I pressed and felt my finger joints slipping through the tight sphincter and entering the roomier rectum. Jerrold was panting. Johnny was whimpering like a dog. "Suck me, Jerrold!" he whined, but Jerrold had gone sluggish as I stroked his prostate.

And now Jerrold was wiggling his butt and crooning "Oh, mon! Oh, mon!" Then he squealed, quite abandoning his detached facade: "Ooh! Ooh! Fuck me now, sir! *Fuck* me!" His ass ring was tightening and easing on my finger, tightening and easing. His balls were slapping against my wrist.

So he knew it wasn't Johnny! I scrambled up onto the end of the bed and knelt between his spread knees. My hard-on flopped down against the warm, smooth cleavage of his buns. He immediately spread them with his fingers so that my cock was wedged between them. The feeling was like none other in my whole life. I began to wonder if I could hold out long enough to get my cock into his butt hole. When would I ever again have such an opportunity with such a smashing guy?

I blindly stabbed my dick head at his slippery hole, cursing my lack of experience. It would slide up and down the narrow valley of his butt crack, but when I seemed to have it nuzzling his hole and then press, it would slip away. Then I felt his strong, steady hand on mine, guiding my dick into his rosebud. My middle finger had done its job. My cock tip anchored itself to the little opening. I pressed. Nothing at first, but then it felt tightly squeezed in the most wonderfully gooey way. Then I sensed it sliding through the snug passage. All my feeling was concentrated in my cock. Deeper, deeper. All the way into this beautiful guy. "Oh, fu-u-uck!" I cried blissfully, gripping his smooth thighs.

Johnny was bouncing his hips up and down, trying to bring his dick within range of Jerrold's mouth. But Jerrold could think of nothing but my shaft sliding up into him. "Yes! Yes!" he was hissing. He wiggled his butt, almost making me pass out with the richness of the massage he was giving my prick. Then his tone changed from submissive to dominating. I could tell his teeth were clenched from the way he bit out his words: "Fuck that ass!" he urged, frightening in his intensity. "Fuck that ass! Ram that sausage all the way up to my guts, you limey son of a whore!" His ass ring squeezed the base of my shaft so tightly, I thought I'd croak. I couldn't hold back any longer. I shot my pent-up load in great spurts deep in his asshole, then slumped over his sweaty back and passed out.

When I came to, the lights were on, and I was lying flat on my back in the middle of the bed. Jerrold's dark, glistening body was crouched between my thighs, and he was lifting my legs over his shoulders. I felt my asshole exposed to the air. He flashed his brilliant smile and with his right hand waved his enormous cock in front of my eyes. Its head now looked like one of those big chocolate-covered cherries, with some of the syrup seeping out of a crack at the top.

"You want my dick up your bum hole, don't you, sir?" he asked. I didn't know whether I wanted more to take it in my ass or in my mouth. I stared at the big drop of precome welling out of his piss slit.

If I didn't know, he did. "I'm gonna *fuck* you, Mr. Bonwit!" he said. "I'm gonna shove this big brown dick right up your pink ass!" There was a kind of menace in his voice that thrilled me to the innermost region of my gut.

"Yeah!" Johnny urged him. "Fuck the son of a bitch!" Meanwhile, he had crawled up on the bed and was straddling my chest, facing me. His hard, thick dick stood straight up, pointing at his belly button. He leaned forward and pulled my head up off the pillow until my nose was under his scrotum. I began to lick the cleft between his thighs, tasting his salty sweat, finally resting my tongue on his pucker. As I lapped at it, I could hear him growling like an alley cat in heat. I felt his ass ring open and then close, squeezing my tongue tip.

Then I felt Jerrold's fingers probing my asshole. First one slipped in, then a second. He fucked me with the two fingers as I grew more and more frenzied with the overriding desire to have his dick in there. Finally, he pulled out both fingers with a pop and almost immediately pressed the soft, warm tip of his dick against my gaping hole. I felt it slide into me, spreading my ass ring as it had never been spread before.

I shoved my butt up to meet his thrusts, and I felt his swinging ball sac smack against my tailbone each time his whang pounded into me.

Johnny still held me by the back of my neck. "Put my dick in your mouth, cocksucker!" he muttered, down and dirty. He moved, and my face slid up his ball sac and banged on his shaft. His cock tip smeared precome on my closed eyelids. I reached blindly for his hot, pulsating shaft and pulled it down until the head was at my lips. He pushed forward with his hips and at the same time pulled my head toward him. The thick flesh bulled its way into my mouth and down along my tongue.

While Johnny was screwing my mouth, Jerrold was banging the back of my head against the headboard each time he slammed his meat up to his balls in my bung hole. "Yeah! Yeah!" he panted, growing breathless. "Yeah! Yeah!" echoed Johnny, his voice rising to a scream. "Take it! Take it!"

Johnny was the first to come. At the same time as I was swallowing whole gobs of his cream, I tightened my ass ring against the base of Jerrold's shaft. He gasped, and his cock started to jerk like a pistol. I felt his hot seed filling what little empty space remained in my ass. Both guys' sweaty bodies shuddered and jerked as they spurted their loads into me.

A few hours later, as day dawned, the boys went off wearing my only two pairs of vacation shorts. So I put on a pair of white Calvin Klein briefs and swaggered like Marky Mark through the hotel lobby, past startled guests, to the grand dining room, where I ordered orange juice, Belgian waffles, bacon, and eggs.

Well, yes. While all the well-dressed guests goggled, the fuddy-duddy manager *did* send me back to my room for clothing more befitting the image of the Hamilton Princess. But I still felt like a bloke with a great deal of testosterone. Look out, Oxford! ●

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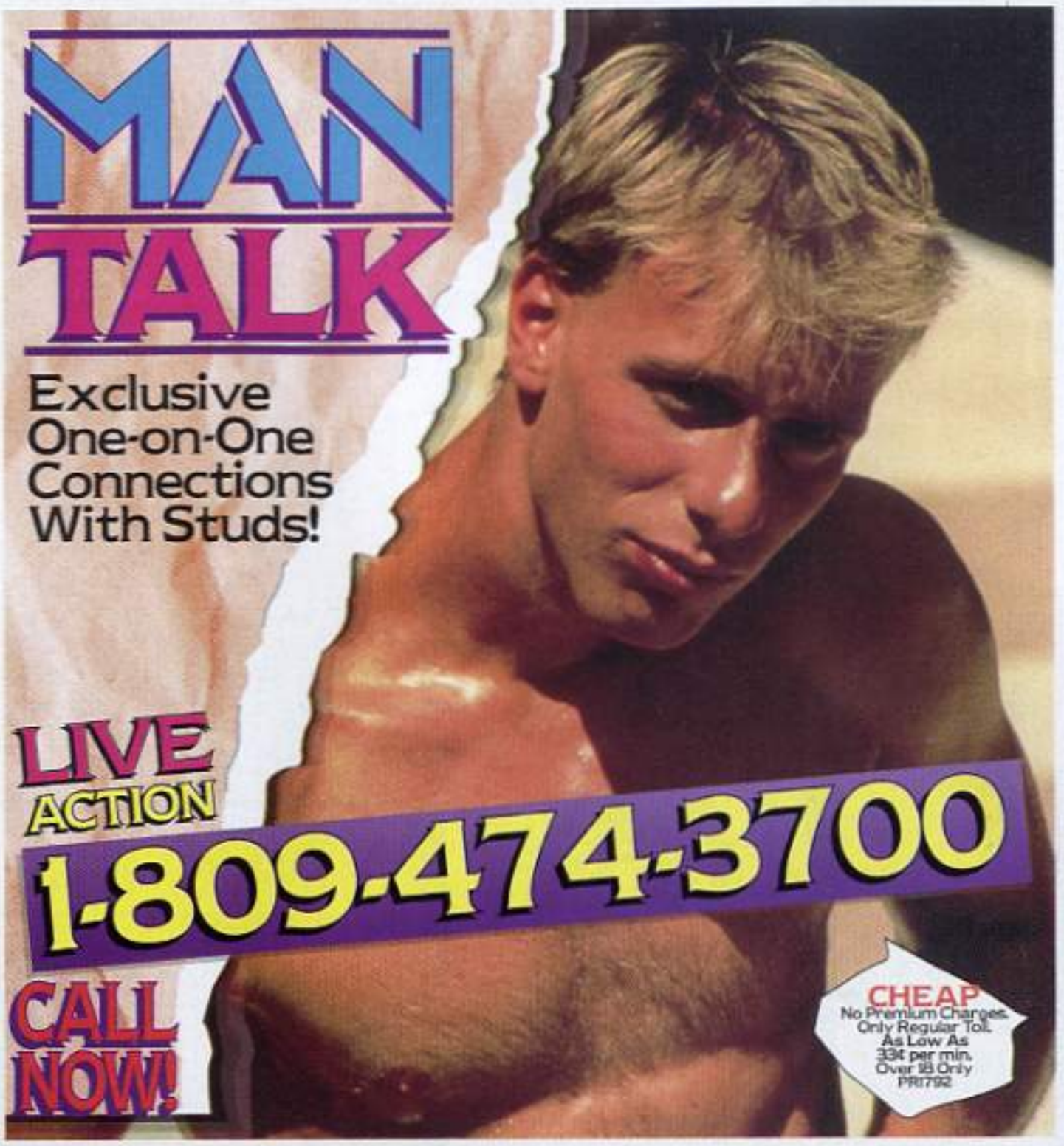
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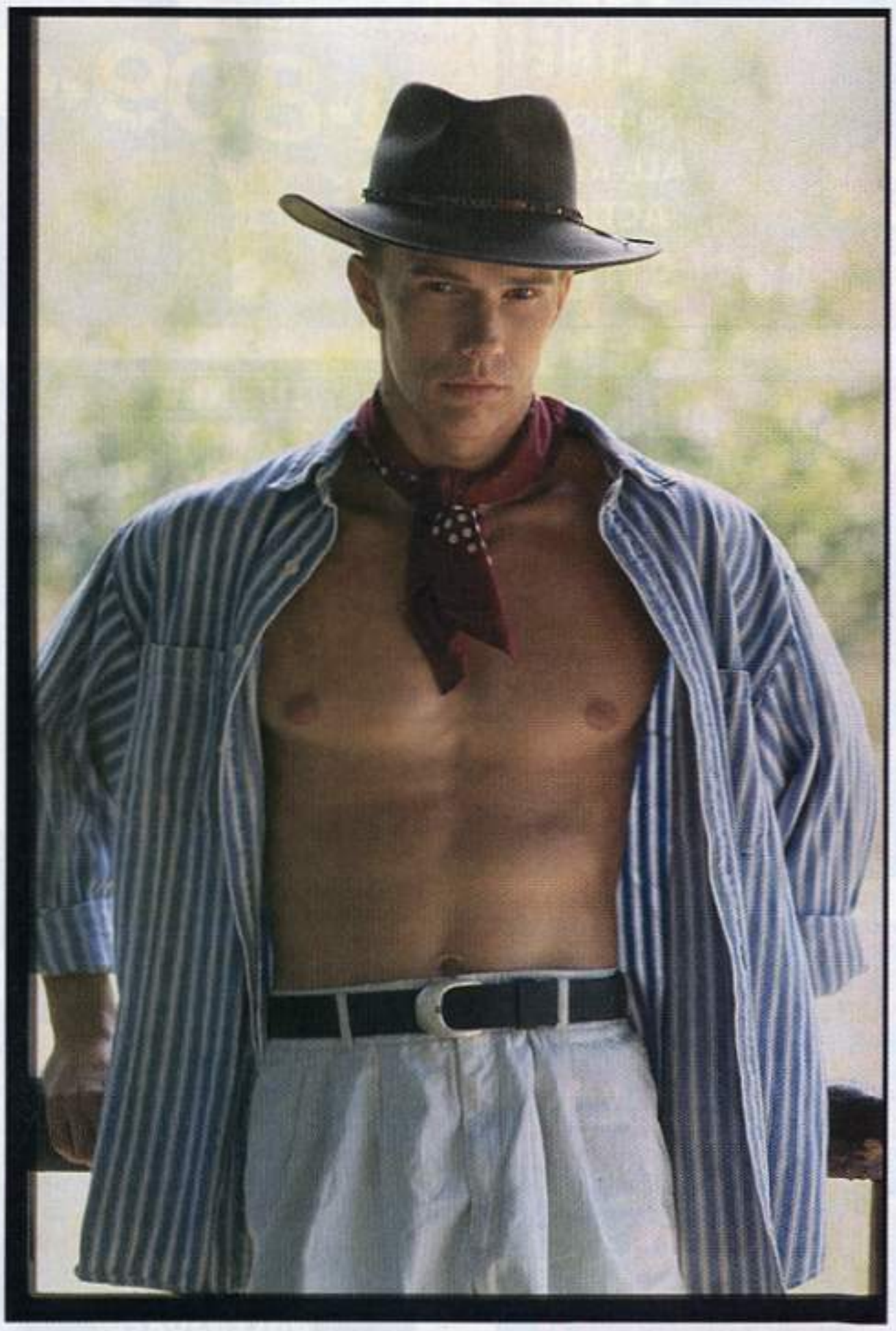
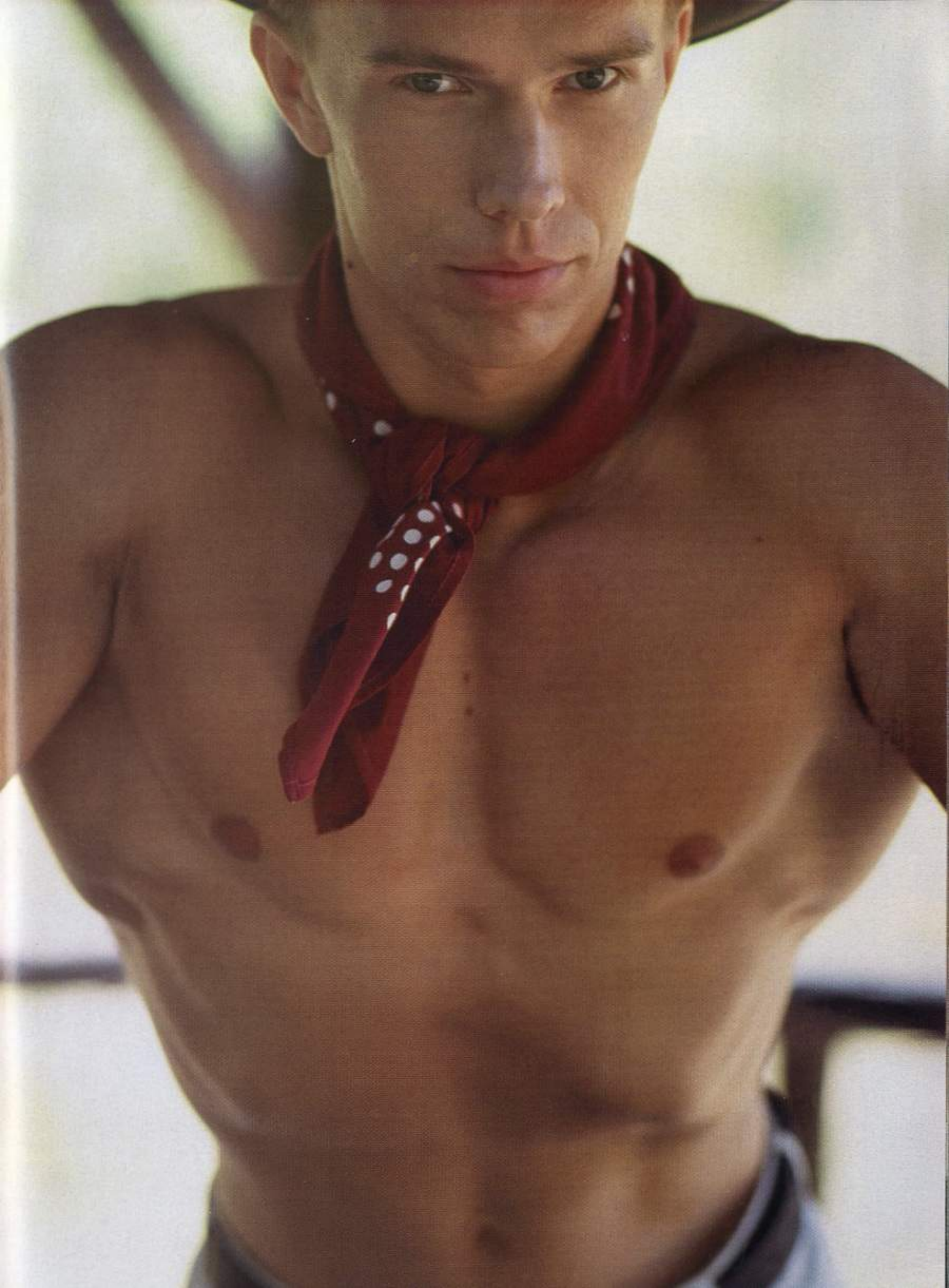
the cat in the hat



Model: **Alan Saudek** Photography: **Bel Ami**



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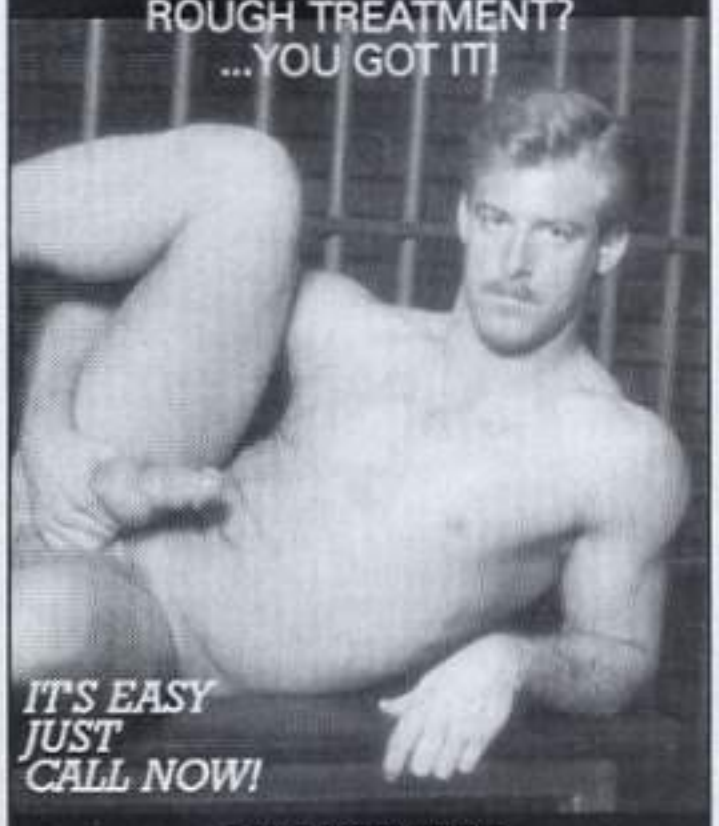

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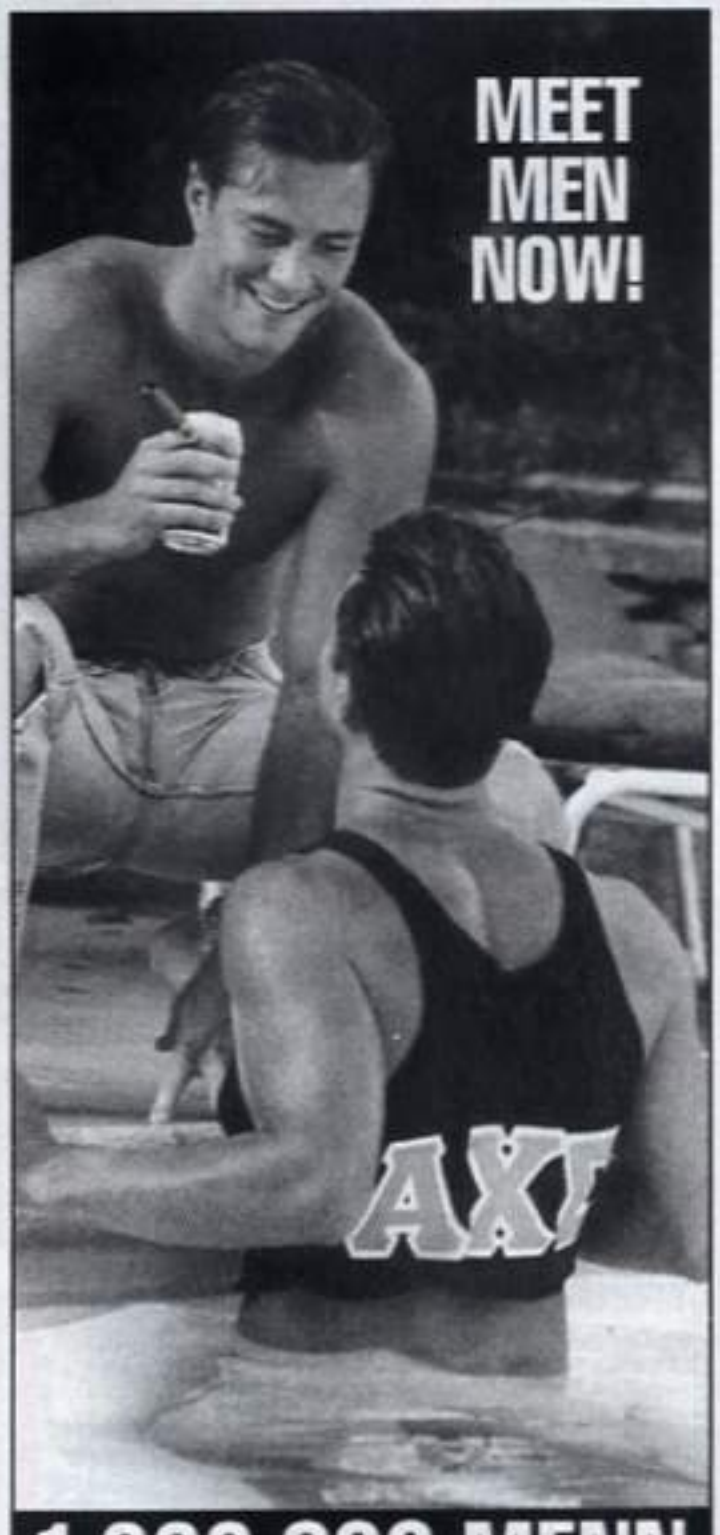

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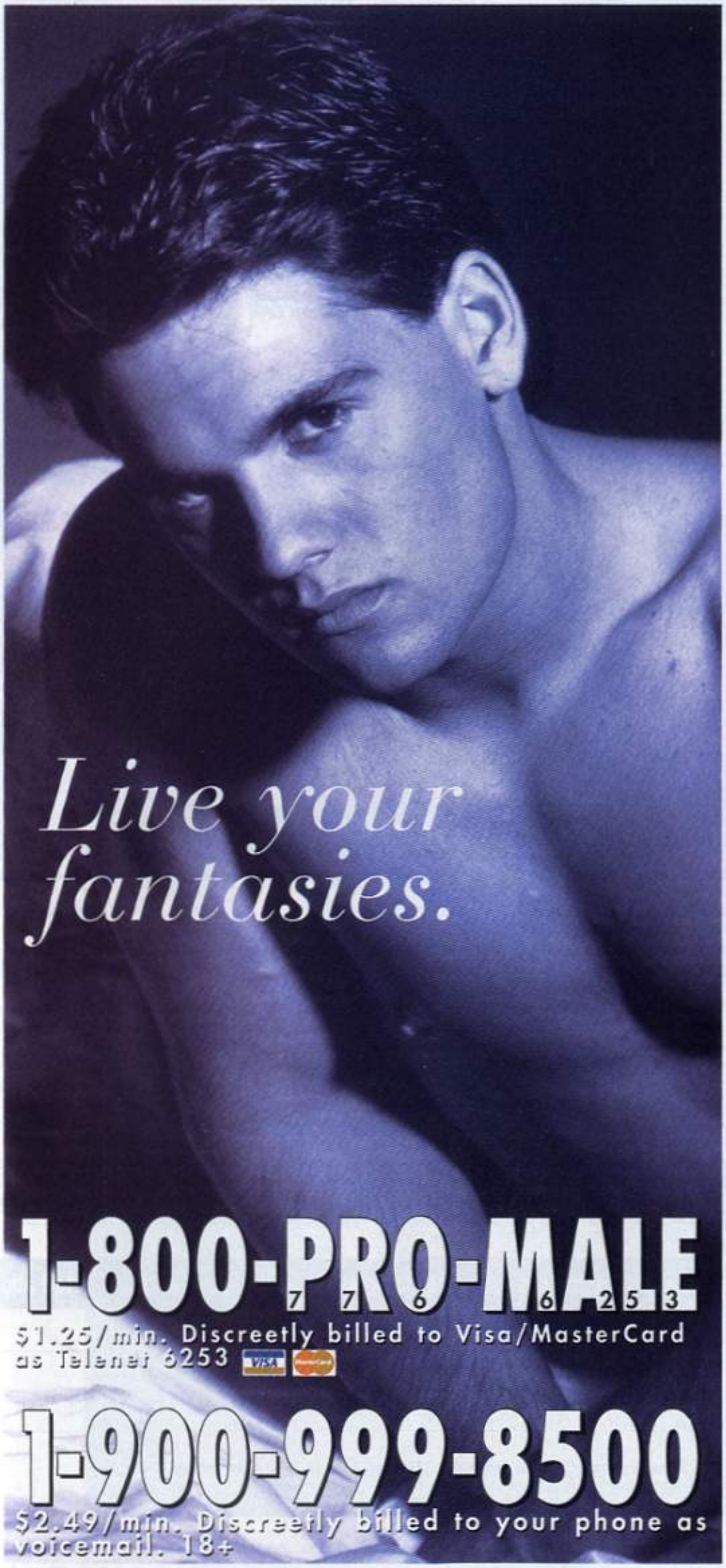
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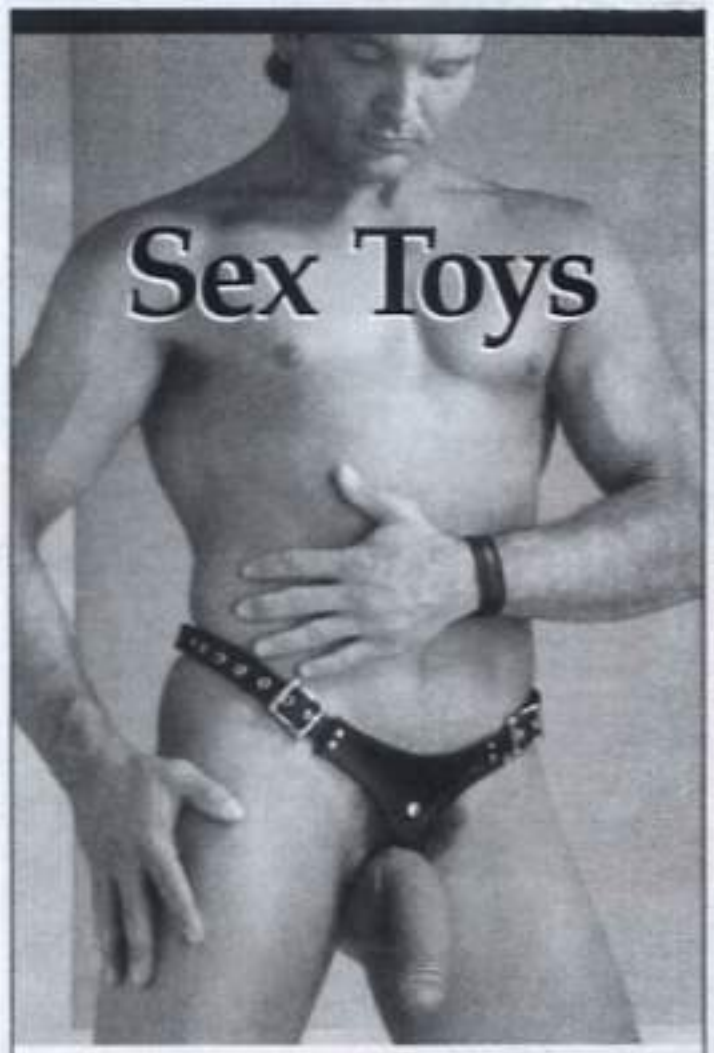

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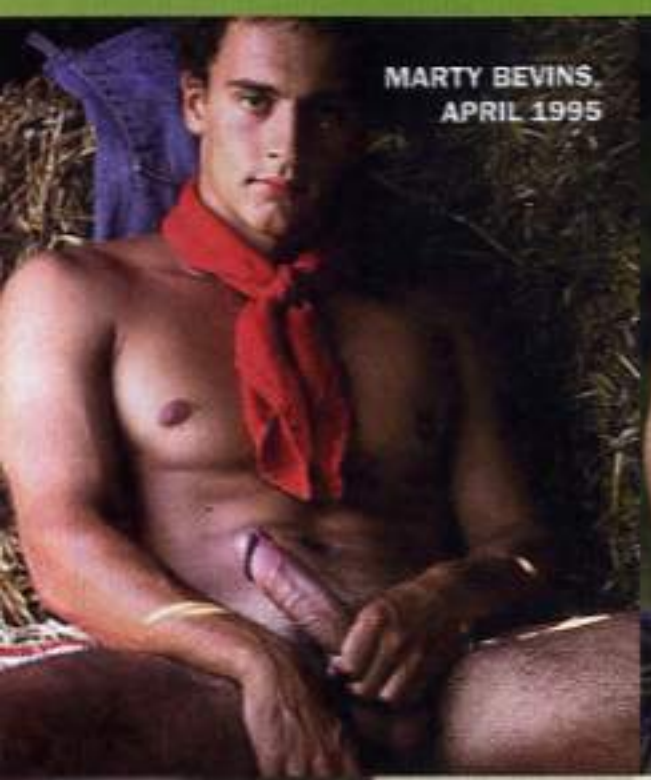

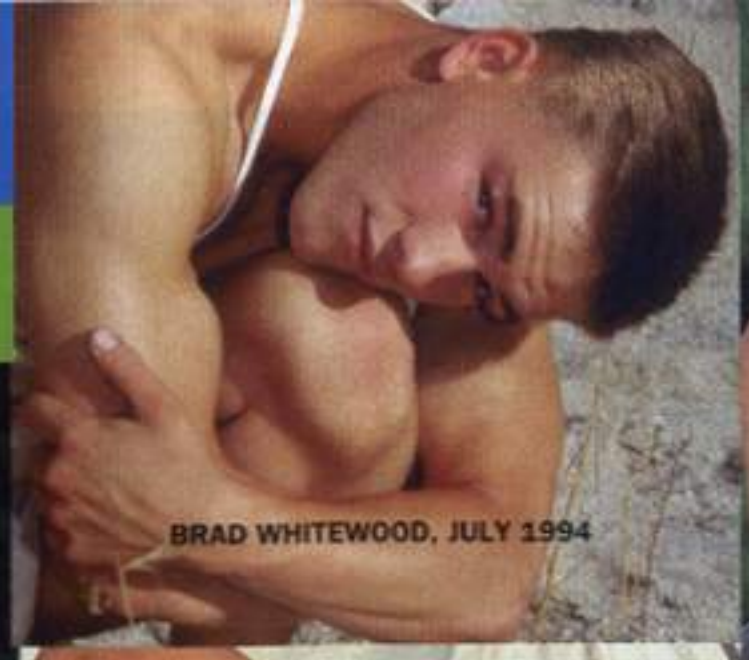

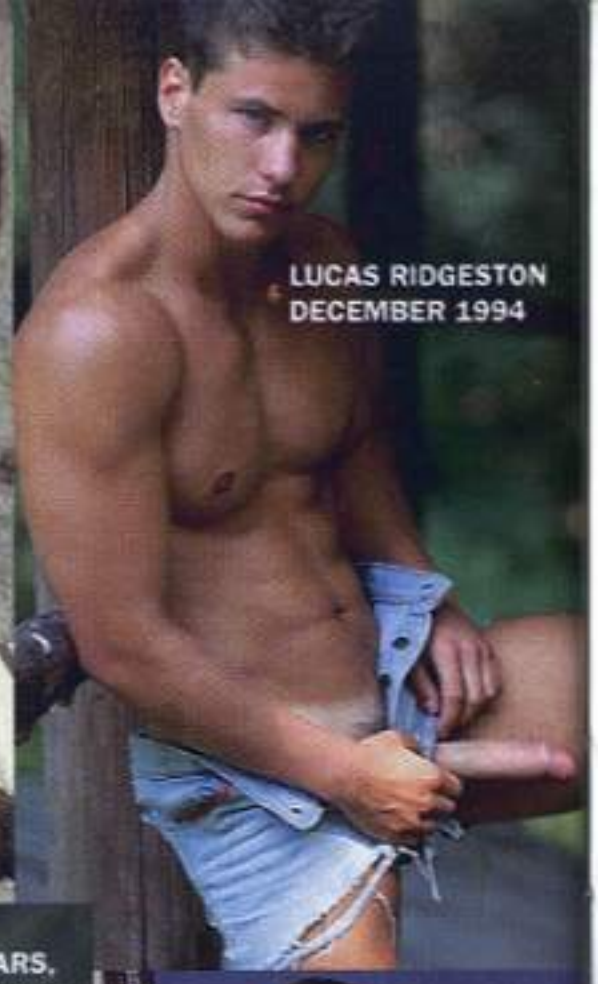

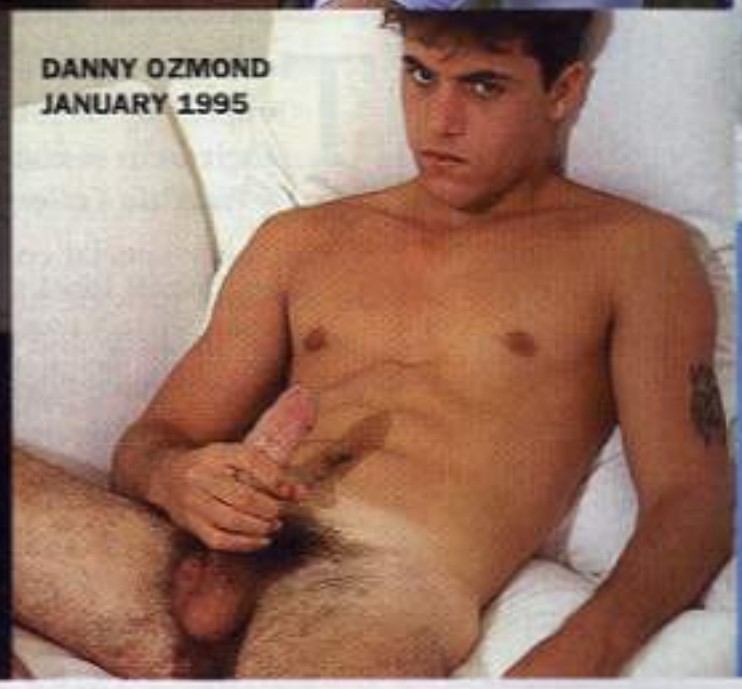

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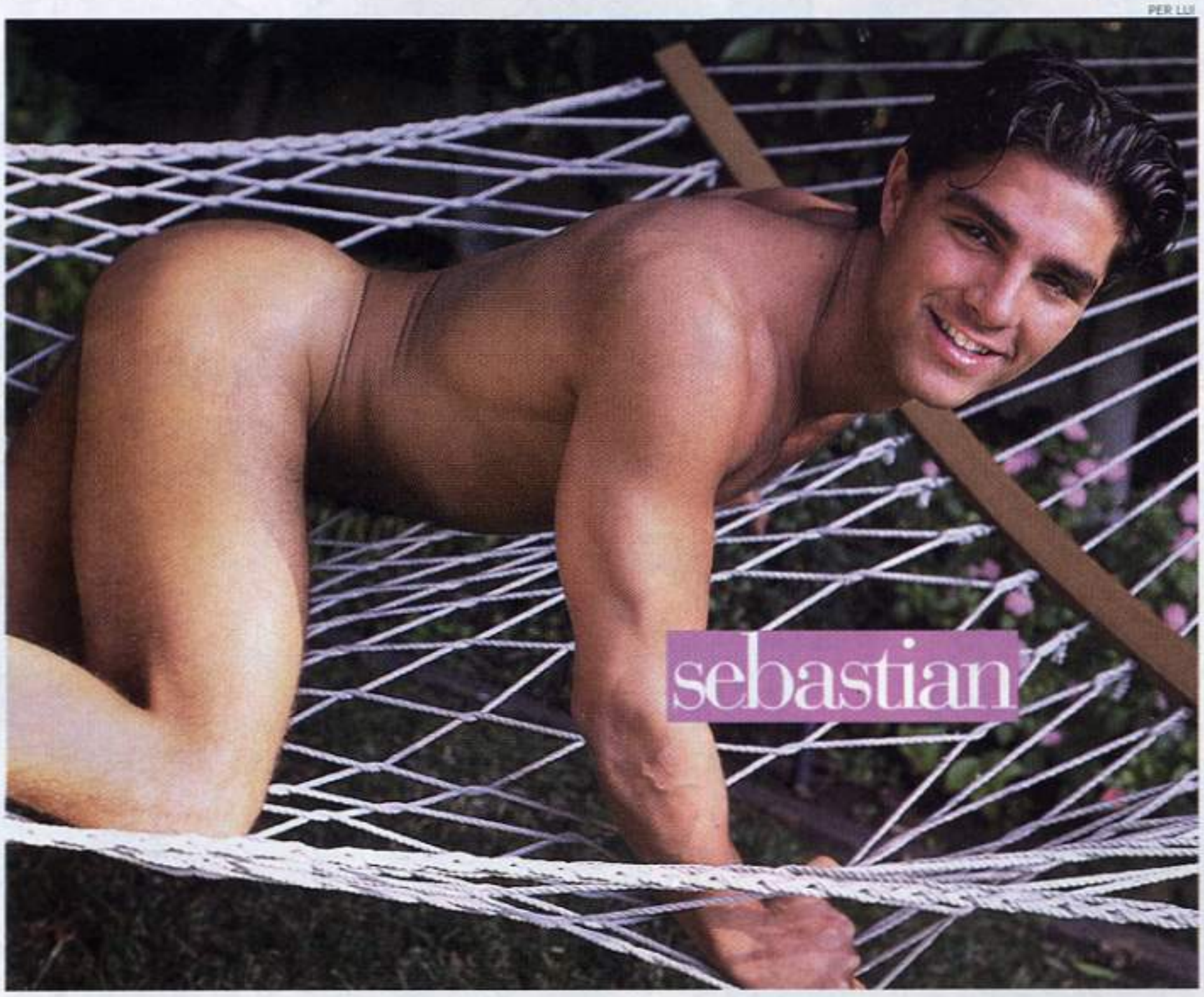


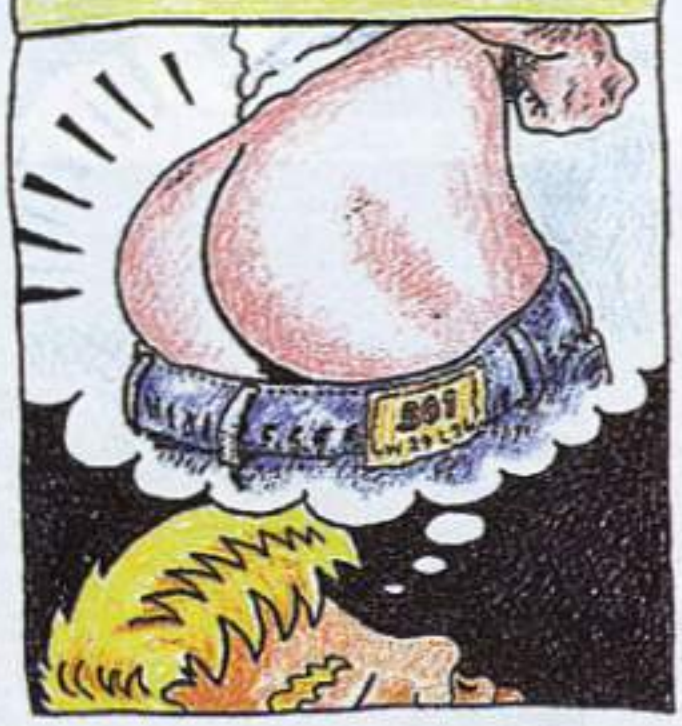
JULY

Urinal Lust

It was my freshman year at college, and I was takin' a Piss between classes.

I was really getting into it when I started thinkin' about that sexy Steve guy who sat next to me in algebra... what a total STUD! Muscles like Brad Pitt's...

AND THAT ASS!



Needless to say, my boner was feelin' fine...

Even finer when I realized the stud of my dreams had walked in. He whipped out the JUICIEST PIECE OF STEAK I'd ever seen!!!

Urinal lust took over...

So, now I'm in the slammer, locked up with a hardened criminal who hasn't had sex in five years! Wish me luck.

I was hungry for more...

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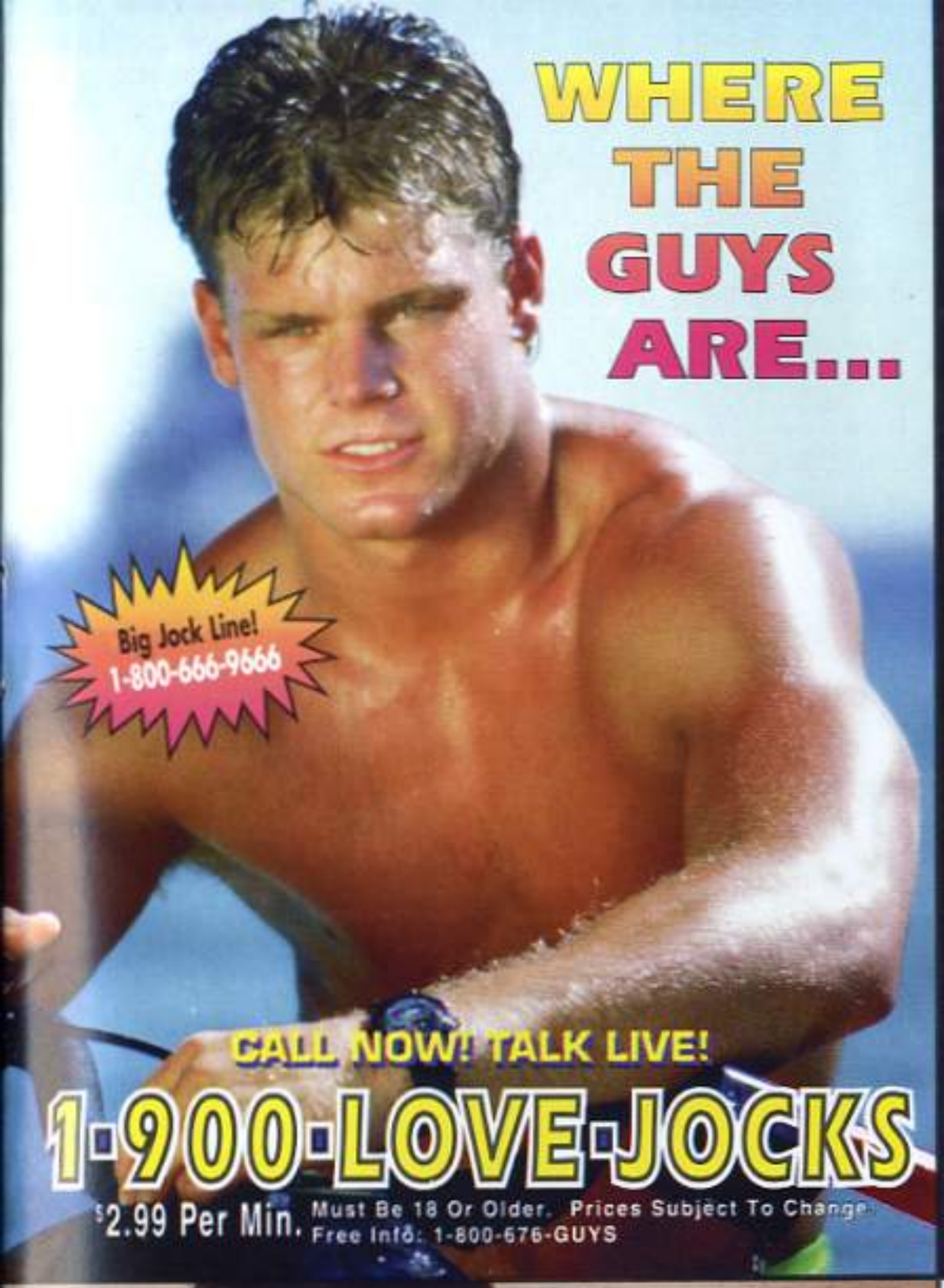
Unfortunately, he wasn't.

MORE TO COME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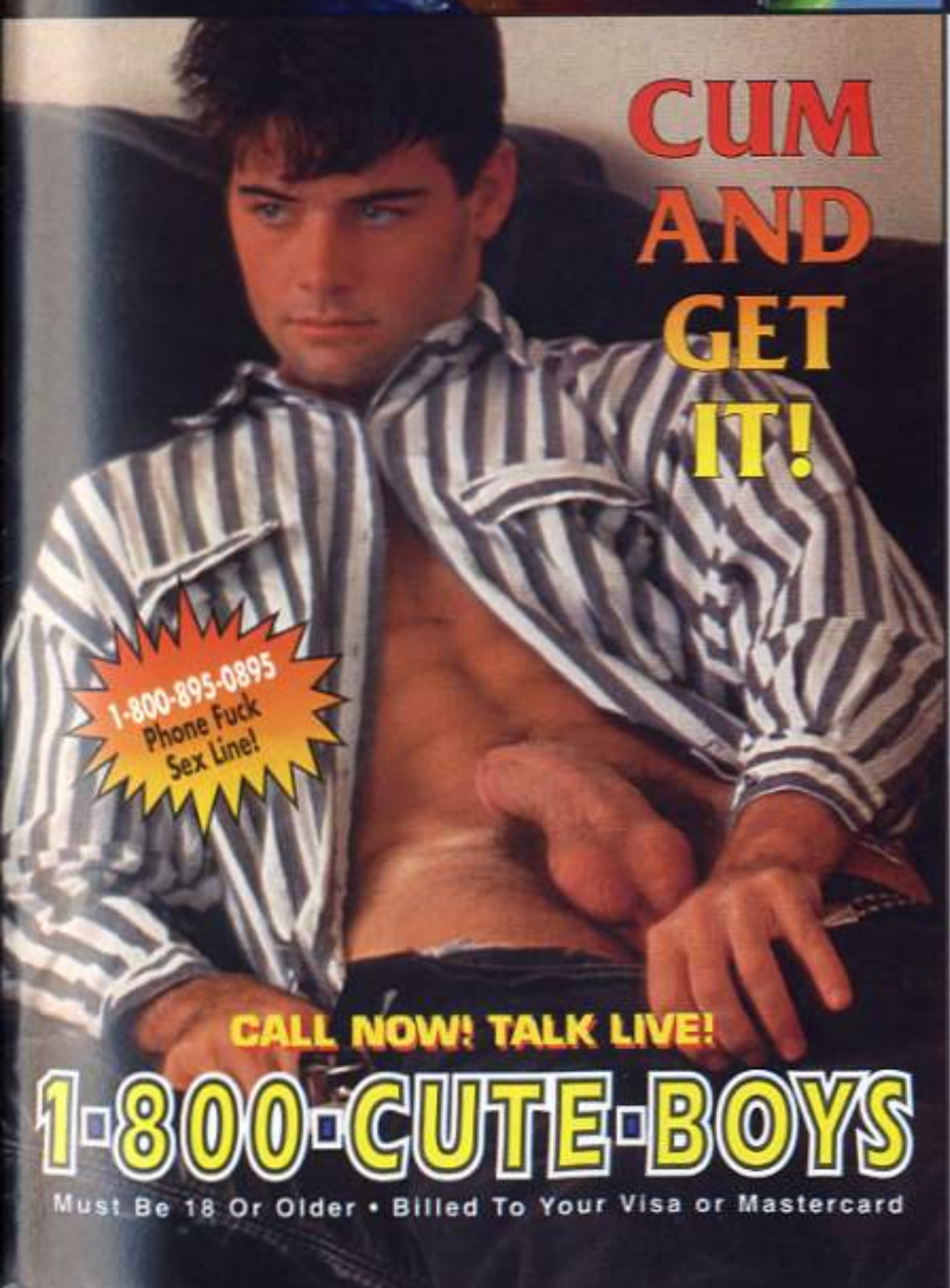
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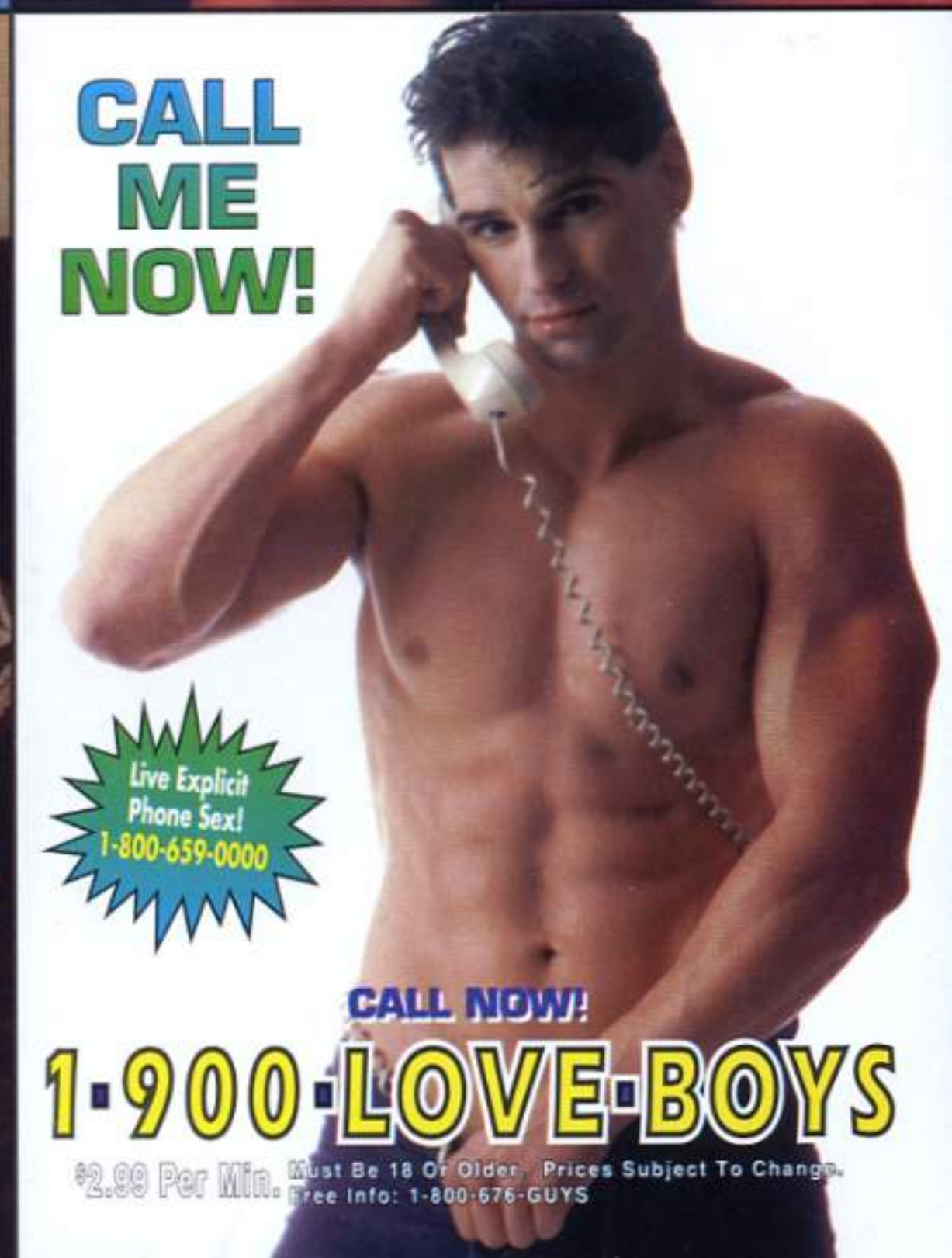
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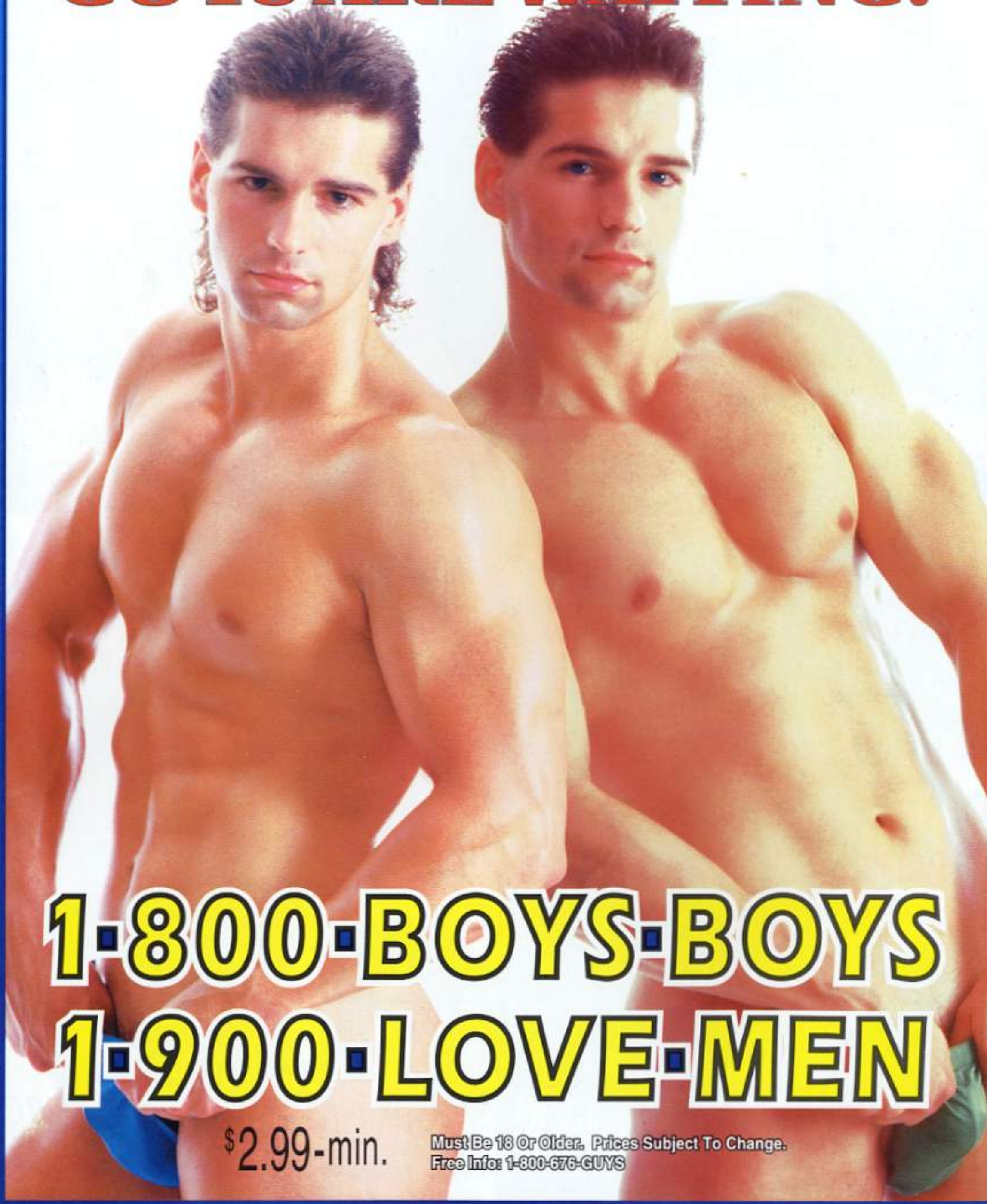

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